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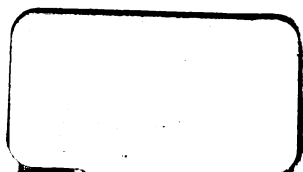
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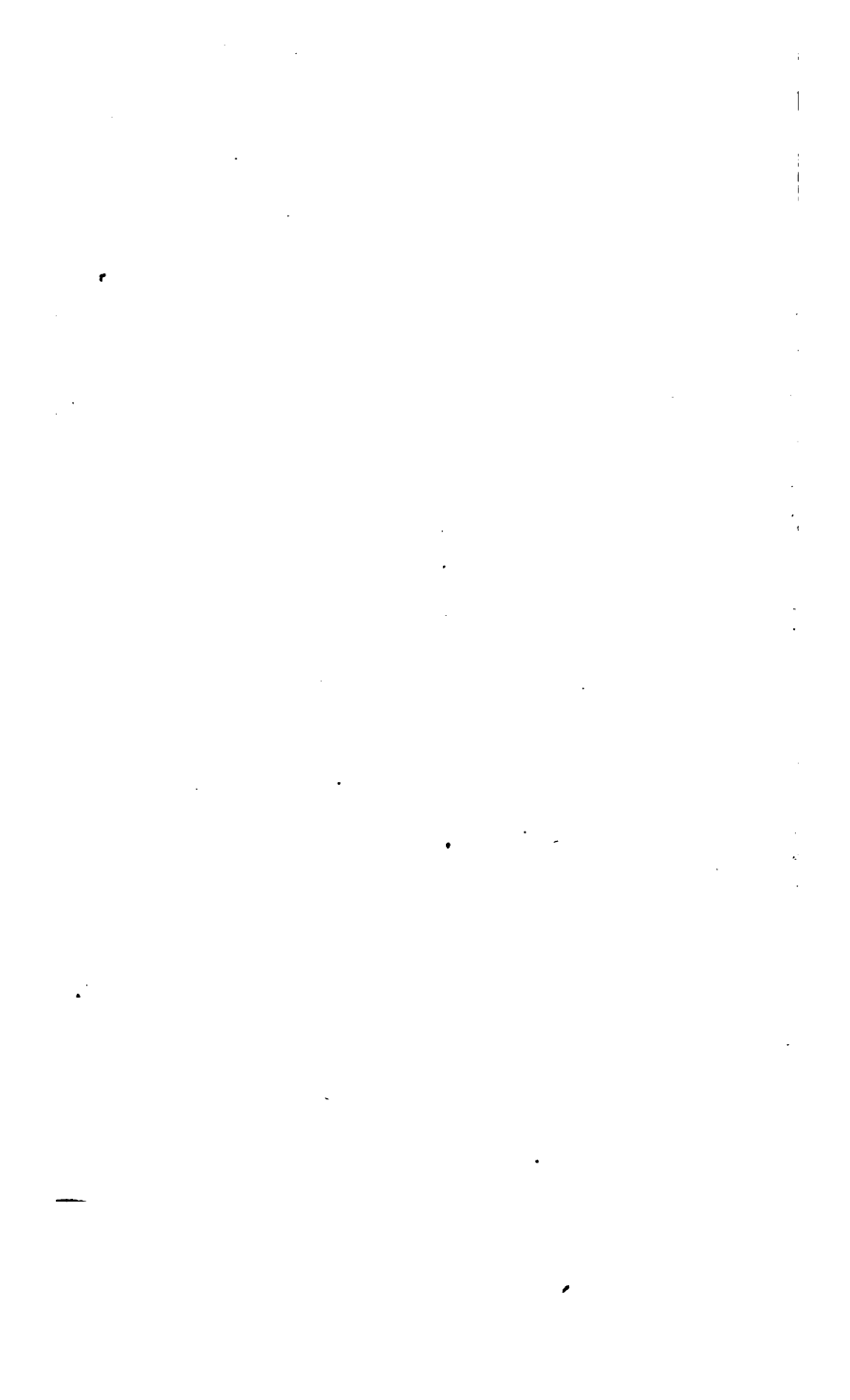
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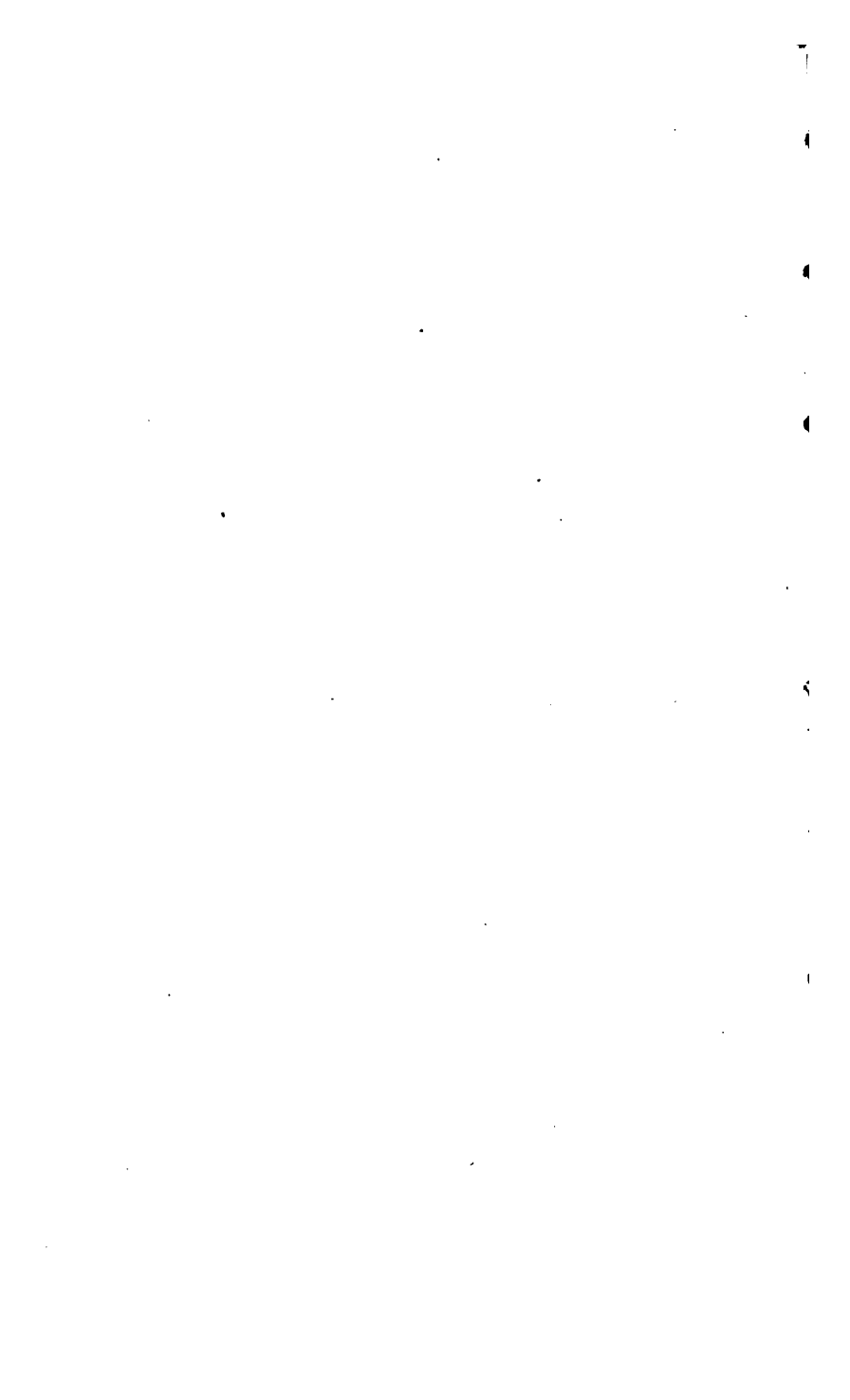
NY







HISTORICAL REVERIES.



Wilkinson, Sarah, of Sudbury

HISTORICAL REVERIES,

BY A

SUFFOLK VILLAGER.

" We cannot sit, inertly calm'd, to hear
" The silence broken by the step of life ;
" We must have music while we languish here,
" Loud music to annul our spirit's strife,
" To make the soul with pleasant fancies rife,
" And soothe the stranger from another sphere !"

TURNER.

SUDBURY:
GEORGE WILLIAMS FULCHER.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, ORME, BROWNE & CO.

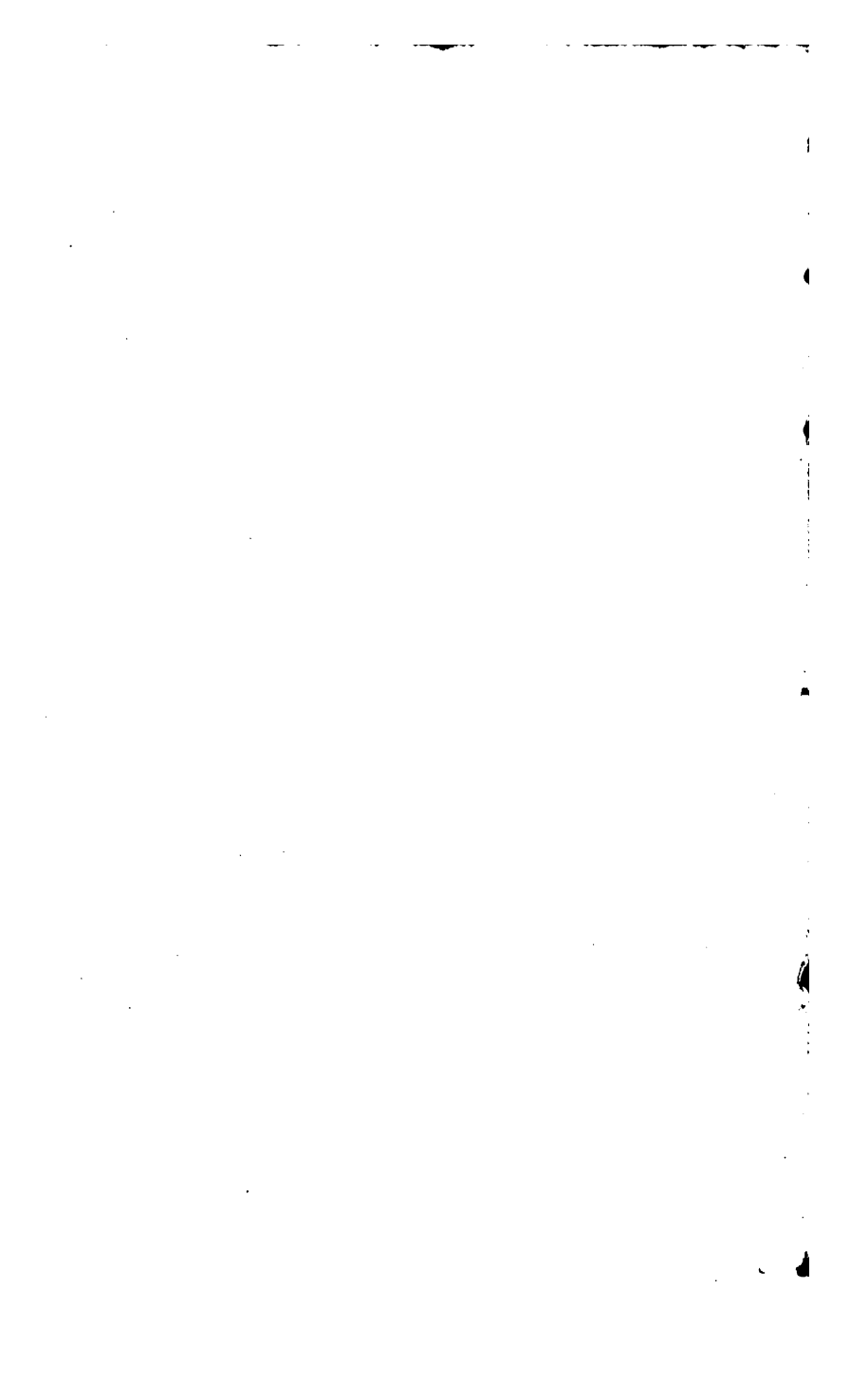
1839.

GIFT

P R E F A C E .

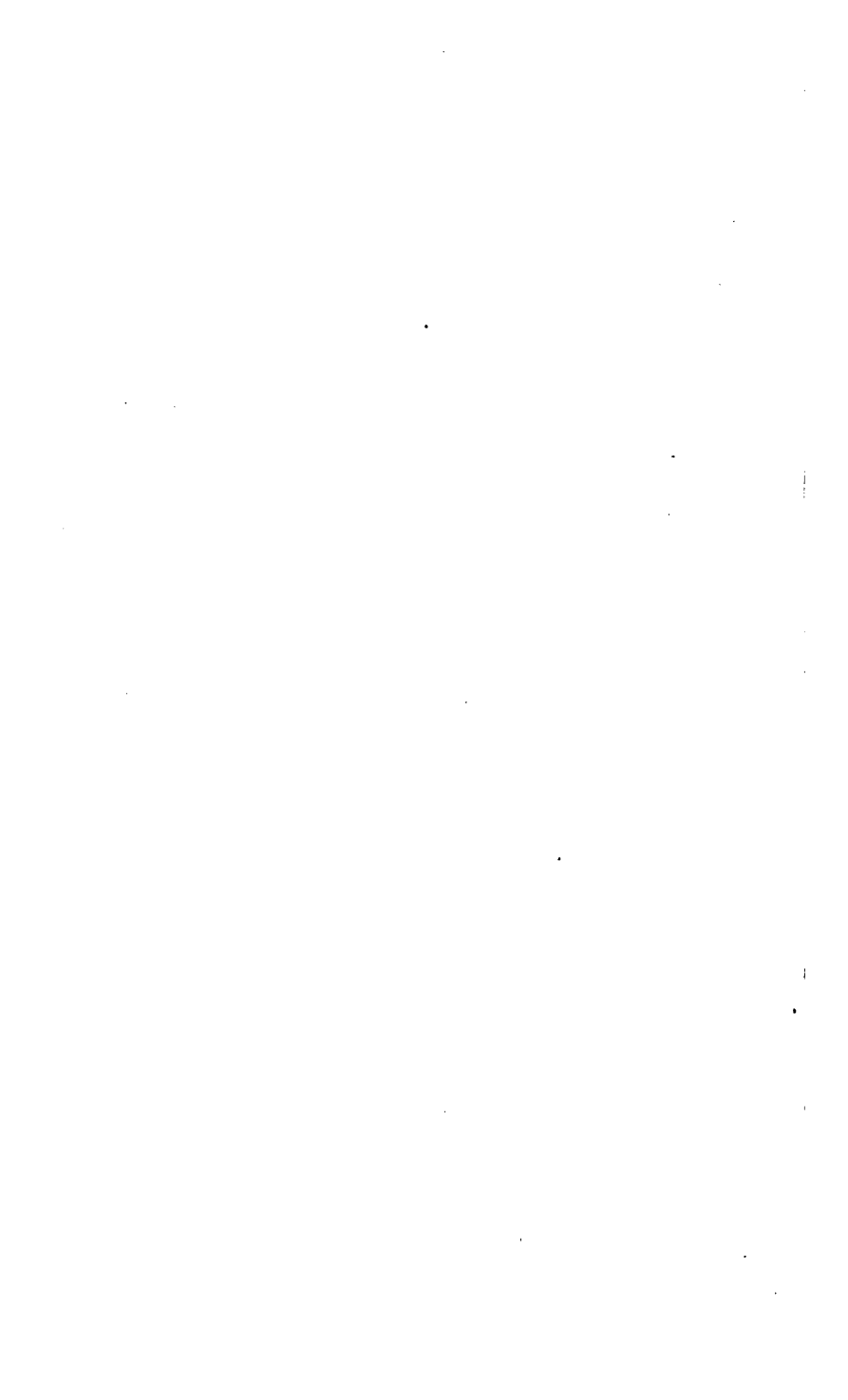
SEVERAL of the following Sketches have appeared year by year in the "SUDBURY POCKET BOOK;" in which the series will be continued. A few have been printed in other annuals. The rest are now published for the first time, excepting one of them which was admitted into "THE TRIBUTE."

With respect to the Mottos;—none of them are original; but in compassion to the passage-hunters, who since the settling of the Old Play and Old Fragment question, have been entirely "out of work," the authors' names are omitted.



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DEDICATORY VERSES.

" With what pretty Music
Shall we charm the hours ? "

I.

While the hush'd wind slumbers
Under the tree,
Sing I my low numbers
Mother to thee.
Light of thy children's path !
Shelter from troubles' wrath !
Best treasure *this* life hath !
Listen to me.

II.

While the bright hearth burning
Glimmereth clear—
While our steps home turning
All gather near—
Over our chimney fire,
Tuning the faint wire,
Star of this wild lyre !
Lend me thine ear.

III.

When the wind murmuring
 Bows the tall tree,
How should I ever sing
 Mother to thee?
Gusts that through heaven blow—
Blasts that come wailing low—
Have they no echo
 My mother for me?

IV.

Well know I nothing hence
 Worthy can be
Though brought in reverence
 Thine eye to see.
Yet love can consecrate
Things mean and underrate
And such I dedicate,
 Mother to thee.

SOME PASSAGES

IN THE

EARLY HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

“ England's Herdeman—England's darling,
“ In England he was King! ”—BODLEIAN M. S.

Oh ! early lost and lately found,
Friend of my morning's haunted ground—
Lost mid the clouds that cross'd its sky,
To beam upon life's sober'd eye,
What time the shadows of the west
Were deepening toward its twilight rest ;

I thought not when these numbers rude
I tried in Burstall's sweet greenwood,
Their fall the listening ear upon,
Would reach the friend of Ossington ;
Still less that they should win and wear
The garland of thy favouring care ;
But *thou* hast said their murmuring rhyme
Hath to thine ear made grateful chime—
Thou whose calm tone the voice recalls
Of long, long silent oracles !
And with a glad and lighten'd brow,
To sterner eyes I give them now.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

"England's Herdeman—England's darling,
"In England he was King!"—BODLEIAN M. S.

Part I.

Watch but the wheel of destiny
In its still and solemn round;
Ye shall see the future rapidly
Sweep into the past Eternity,
And the present vanishing utterly,
As dies away a sound.

As dies away a distant strain
Upon the midnight air,
The last chant in some ruin'd fane,
Heard once and never heard again,
Though listening long and late, in vain
Your step may linger there.

O! look on the mighty and moving mass
That people this lower world:
Ye shall see the forms of Empire pass
Like the varying shades of the wind-swept grass,
And the evil and the good! alas!
Into one dim distance hurl'd.

To day the golden sunshine falls
 As bright as ever it fell;
 Yet it hath lighted princely halls
 That now are moss-grown and ruin'd walls,
 And the hooting owl to his comrade calls
 Where men no longer dwell.

And cities have risen amidst the waste,
 And homes in the desert throng;
 And a thousand footsteps have effaced
 The track where the pilgrim pass'd in haste,
 Stooping the lonely well to taste,
 And silently speeding on.

The snow of many score years, old man,
 Lies white upon thy brow;
 Oh! for the glorious caravan,
 The journeyers of a restless span,
 That lighted the earth when thy life began,
 And sleep in its bosom now.

Thy foot is treading their path old man,
 And thou with them must rest;
 While forms as glorious spring to birth,
 And the bright and the beautiful walk the earth,
 And memory sits by the silent hearth,
 Which the step of the past hath prest.

"Oh! little the visible future brings
 "Like what the past hath been!
 "I have stood in the shadow that empire flings,
 "I have walk'd in the train of loftiest kings,
 "Shall earth recover the glorious things,
 "The treasures that I have seen?

"I have serv'd the mightiest of the west,
 "The lord of the iron crown!
 "I have watch'd the Saracen's turban'd crest,
 "Where Bagdad's gold pavilions rest,
 "And rich with Eastern roses drest
 "The Caliph's bowers look down.

"Gone are the gold and steel array'd,
 "The noble and knightly train!
 "Lowly is every proud plume laid
 "That glanc'd through forest and green arcade,
 "And deep in the dim Cathedral shade,
 "Stands the tomb of Charlemagne.

"In Bagdad is Alraschid's grave,
 "Almamon's vacant throne;
 "Where, where, along the gleaming wave,
 "That moans above the bright and brave,
 "Shall glorious things their dwelling have,
 "Like those that I have known?"

The light upon thy brow, old man,
 Is the light of a sun gone down;
 The scenes that dazzled thy boyish eye,
 The gorgeous memories that flit by,
 They are gone with the hues of the twilight sky,
 With the splendours of past renown.

But the freshness of the dawn, old man,
 Is breaking the midnight's bands;
 And even before thine aged eyes
 The sapling bough unnoticed lies,
 Whose stately stem in strength must rise
 To shadow a hundred lands.

" I see around me pale decay,
 " Where pomp and pleasure smiled ;
 " I hear, where the stately have held sway,
 " Where the cymbal hath welcom'd the festal day,
 " The dirge that sighs for the past-away,
 " And the footstep of a child.
 " Even by *him* the tale is told
 " Of glory whose race is run ;
 " He comes, as thousands came of old,
 " The seven-hill'd city to behold,
 " From his rude father's Island-hold,
 " The Saxon prince's son.
 " He comes to gaze with a childish gaze,
 " Where mighty wrecks remain ;
 " The breeze that among his light locks plays,
 " Hath sigh'd through silent palaces,
 " Oh ! *such* as *have* trod where his step now strays,
 " Shall never tread earth again ! "

Part II.

" O ! sing me that song again, lady mother !
 " Sing me that song again ;
 " For it brings to my mind the memory
 " Of mighty cities over the sea,
 " And the past seems wandering back to me
 " With the sweet and silver strain.
 " Oh I was a child then, lady mother,
 " But a still and a thoughtful child ;
 " And the marvellous shadows of mighty Rome
 " Still haunt the paths of my Island-home,
 " And filling the forest they round me come,
 " And peopling the lonesome wild.

"The thoughts that cling to the things of yore,
 "Have wound me in their spell;
 "And music breath'd nightly along that shore,
 "And words that were heavy with ancient lore,
 "And songs that were sung long ages before,
 "Deep, deep, in my memory dwell.

"Oh! many a fair Italian town
 "Lies silent and grass-grown now!
 "And the wreathèd roses of old renown
 "Hang smiling under the arch's frown,
 "And the column-stone looks darkly down
 "On the evergreen myrtle bough.

"Oh! sing me that song again, lady mother!
 "Sing me that song again!
 "For the thrilling thoughts that have haunted my breast,
 "Dreams of the banner and eagle crest,
 "And the passionate spirit that knows not rest,
 "Are roused by the wizard strain.

"This bow is a stripling's, lady mother,
 "But my arrow aye flies true!
 "And give me the strength that manhood brings,
 "And the thoughts that are link'd with those ancient things
 "And the spirit that breathes from those charmed strings,
 "Shall echo all England through!"

Lost is the lay by Judith sung
 With rude and simple skill;
 And her voice is hush'd and her lyre unstrung,
 And she rests the unknown dead among;
 But the influence of her gentle tongue
 Is felt over England still.

Part III.

Oh ! who that in the still night hour
 Looks over England fair,
 When the yellow moonlight on hall and bower,
 On sleeping hamlet and dim grey tower,
 Falls soft and calm as a summer shower,
 Would think what had once been there.

Where the oak-woods lifted their shadowy mass
 The Druid's altar rude ;
 And the Savage's hut in the deep morass,
 And the wild wolf's howl in the mountain pass ;
 Pathless thickets and tangled grass,
 And sea-girt solitude.

Chance and change sweep silently
 O'er all that we look on now ;
 And all that is, is passing by ;
 And all that will be, shall come and fly,
 As the clouds that change in an autumn sky,
 As the leaves fall from the bough.

Oh ! who that looks over the calm sea now
 From the silent summer shore,
 Would think that once the pirate's prow
 Came dashing the spray from its foam-wreathed bow,
 And the far sail seen from the headland's brow,
 The Norse-kings banner bore !

'Tis strange to stand on the turf-spread plain
 Where the quiet sheep are grazing,
 And feel that once the robber Dane
 Spread far his tents o'er the green domain,
 And where now waves only the golden grain,
 The nightwatch-fires were blazing.

"The night is calm ! The heaven is clear

"Above the summer moon ;

"The camp is still as a waveless mere,

"For sleep hath follow'd festal cheer,

"Oh ! were the Saxon Harper here,

"This stillness to untune !

"He said, to-night the fair moonlight

"His shadow here should cast ;—

"Now it hath risen clear and bright,

"And rampart and tent are gleaming white,

"Yet never a sound but the raven's flight

"Floats on the nightwind past."

A moment—and the camp was still,

As summer waters lie ;

A moment—and the war shout shrill

Came pealing from valley, and forest, and hill !

Oh ! *well* did the Harper his word fulfil !

And the sleepers awoke to die.

Where are they—sons of the stormy Sound,

That wasted our weary land ?

Go look on the moor and the wild heath-ground,

Ye may see the frequent burial-mound,

The only trace of the Norse-king found,

While the deeds are written our country round,

Of the Harper-prince's hand !

Part IV.

Five there are, and tapers white,

Rang'd in a chapel low !

One burns dim with a flickering light,

Sunken in its socket quite ;

And one is beaming clear and bright,

Silently marking the hours' flight,

As swiftly they come and go.

The hour of sleep is hardly done,
 The dim flame trembles still—
 The hour of sleep is hardly done,
 The hour of prayer but just begun,
 Yet there upon the cold floor stone,
 A monarch kneels, absorb'd, alone,
 Gathering a strength to the world unknown,
 Strength that shall build up England's throne,
 In the quiet hour when care hath flown,
 And rest to weary men comes down,
 As the dews of night distil !

O England chang'd and alter'd all !
 Worn with the tread of Time !
 Those footsteps that with silent fall,
 Leave deep their traces upon all,
 Like dropping water's chime,
 Beneath whose light and sparkling play,
 The ancient granite melts away—
 O ! wreath'd with many a noble name !
 O ! stamp'd with many a spot of shame !
 England "another and the same !"

He hath not pass'd away.

He sleepeth in the land he sway'd,
 He liveth in the laws he made,
 And learning halloweth yet his fame,
 And freedom blesseth yet his name,
 And not the chance and change that sweep
 Earth's mightiest to the mightier deep;
 Where hangs oblivion's curtain vast,
 Between the present and the past,
 Have written ruin on his throne,
 Or overturn'd his altar-stone.

A LEAF FROM MILTON'S HISTORY.

Part I—The Abbey. Part II—The Tower.

Part I—The Abbey.

Past the proud walls of Westminster
 The river wave hath roll'd,
 Bearing many a pageant fair,
 In the gorgeous days of old.

Past the proud walls of Westminster
 Still ripples the river wave,
 While many an ancient memory there,
 Sleeps in an ancient grave.

Oh ! many a story marvellous
 And many a tale of dread,
 Those time-worn aisles could tell to us
 Of the silent and slumbering dead.

They have seen the sign of Empire set
 Upon the princely brow,
 And the gleam of the regal coronet,
 That is carved on the tombstone now.

They have seen the holy signet laid
 On the infant forehead fair,
 Unclouded yet by the dark'ning shade
 Of the diadem towering there.

And the clanking sound of the golden spur,
 And the steel-clad warrior's tread,
 Hath echoed beside the sepulchre
 Of the proud and princely dead.

Imitated from Mary Howitt's exquisite Ballad of "Little Mary Maxwell."

Past are the steps of knightly feet,
 And the clang of steel is o'er,
 And the priestly masses chanted sweet
 Are heard through the aisles no more.

For the faith that burns with a purer ray
 And a happier day's sunshine,
 Hath driven the misty veils away,
 That darken'd the ancient shrine.

Oh! once the aisles of Westminster
 On a lonely group look'd down,
 In fear and sorrow gathering there,
 Round the heir of a perill'd crown.

His father was leading an exile's life
 In a foreign land the while,
 And his mother had fled from storm and strife
 To the Holy Cathedral aisle.

And the yellow Autumn's mellow light
 Chequer'd the Minster floor,
 When to that lone baptismal rite
 The princely child they bore.

The holy Abbot his blessing laid
 Upon the fair young head,
 Whose place of birth was the Minster shade,
 His home—among the dead.

Oh! there was sorrow in England then,
 And wild war in the land!
 In the prince's hall there were armed men,
 And blood on the peasant's hand!

And the scion of many a noble stem
 In a green grave was flung !
 And our country's olden diadem
 On the point of the red blade hung !

But ere many a summer moon had shone
 Above that child's fair mien,
 His father was upon England's throne,
 His mother a crowned queen.

And a palace was his dwelling place
 And a princely roof above,
 And he had looked on a brother's face,
 And tasted a brother's love.

And the ancient walls of Westminster
 Look'd down on a princely train,
 When abbot, and prior, and childhood fair,
 Met in their shade again.

The stately galley, far afloat,
 Glided with slacken'd sail,
 To catch the distant festal note
 That loaded the summer gale.

The rower on the river clear
 Rested upon his oar,
 The sweet and gladsome chime to hear
 That floated along the shore.

For the merry bells were ringing
 All down the water side,
 And the holy mass was singing
 Round the bridegroom and the bride.

Oh ! one sweet flower of that princely root,
 Was a vow'd and veiled nun ;
 And now to the holy altar's foot
 They led the king's young son.

It was no tearful meeting
 Before that altar set ;
 There were no wild hearts beating,
 There were no young cheeks wet.

But like a dream of the Elfin land,
 The haunted greenwood side,
 The princely boy seem'd there to stand
 Beside his baby bride !

And links were woven without tears,
 And words in play were spoken,
 Whose iron weight in after years
 No struggles could have broken.

When on the face so care-free now
 Dark thought its seal should set,
 And years have written on the brow
 Like summer skies as yet.

But sadness and long sorrow
 For him were never meant,
 And life's long dreary morrow
 To him was never sent.

And she, whose hand was fetter'd
 Ere her young heart could heed ;
 Whose lips yet all unletter'd
 Spoke words they could not read.

She had no weary waking,
 To a cord unfelt when tied ;
 Her widow's weeds were making
 Ere she knew she was a bride !

Oh ! the land saw sorrow and wild dismay,
 Through seasons many and long ;
 And rare and brief was the festal day,
 And troubled the festal throng,

And ere many a summer moon had shone,
 Above those children twain,
 For shelter and safety the queen was gone
 To the holy shrine again.

King Edward in Windsor Chapel fair
 Slept on a couch of stone,
 And they have seated his youthful heir
 Upon his father's throne.

And round him are gather'd by day and by night
 A trusty and stalwart band,
 And he is guarded by noble and knight,
 With watchful head and hand.

And he look'd on many a mien of grace,
 In hall and chamber high ;
 But he sigh'd for his young brother's face,
 And he miss'd his mother's eye !

And the leaders of the council
 In close cabal are met,
 And aye they said it seemeth ill,
 That the prince is absent yet.

And they bade the good Lord Cardinal,
 With speech and message mild,
 To pray of the Queen in the name of them all,
 She would trust them with her child.

The column'd aisles of Westminster
 With sun and shade were gleaming ;
 Through many a stained window there,
 The tinted light was streaming.

Pillar and tomb their shadow flung
 Across the paved floor,
 And an echo through roofs and arches rung,
 As closed each massy door.

And whisper'd round the ancient pile,
 The low and sighing blast,
 As down the dim cathedral aisle
 The train of the Cardinal pass'd.

Oh ! the Queen was sick and sad at heart,
 When his message she had heard ;
 And she did not let the boy depart
 Without many a boding word.

" Farewell " she said, " mine own sweet son ! "
 And kiss'd the child's fair brow ;
 " Almighty God ! my helpless one,
 Be thy protector now.

" Alas that ever an hour like this
 Should come upon us twain ;
 For God knows when a mother's kiss
 Shall press thy lips again ! "

Oh ! all too true were her alarms !
 Too right her bodings vain !
 For never did a mother's arms
 Fold those fair boys again.

Part II—The Tower.

The windows of the Tower .
 On the broad Thames look down ;
 The dark walls of the Tower
 Over its waters frown.

The lone lights of the Tower,
 Deep in its bosom gleam ;
 The captive's night-lamp burning there
 Is mirror'd in the stream.

Dark hold of the oppressor !
 Dark home of the oppress'd !
 How many an aching bosom there
 Hath aye been hush'd to rest !

How many a noble spirit—
 How many a bearing high—
 Hath enter'd its sepulchral gate
 To linger and to die.

Now Heaven be thank'd, and those who fell
 In freedom's holy cause,
 Beneath her banner now we dwell,
 Fenc'd by her golden laws !

They said the Tower was guarded well,
 And troublous times were round ;
 And there they sent the boys to dwell,
 Till the young king could be crown'd.

But chances wild came o'er the land,
 Which many a change had known ;
 And its sceptre found another hand,
 And another fill'd its throne.

And years pass'd over hearth and hall,
 Long years of slow decay ;
 And ancient houses met their fall,
 And faith was worn away.

And wild war swept through court and tower,
 Through dell and calm lea-side,
 Till many a hamlet lost its flower
 And many a home its pride.

And drown'd in care and tumult's noise,
 There was no time for men,
 To think upon the princely boys
 Who *should* have ruled them then.

Leader and Noble of their part
 Had met a bloody doom,
 And even their mother's anxious heart,
 Was resting in the tomb !

And rumour said that ruffians fell,
 Stretched on a lone death-bed,
 Had linger'd a strange wild tale to tell,
 Of the fair and early dead.

Of dark things done, when slumber deep
 Was drawing its hush'd breath ;
 Of children lone—whose helpless sleep
 Was lengthen'd into death.

While some believ'd they yet liv'd on,
 In turret or lone cell;
 Or over seas far off had gone,
 In foreign lands to dwell.

Thus their story faded like a dream,
 Far into distance cast;
 And they became but a memory dim
 Of the half-forgotten past.

And the pride of the Plantagenet
 Liv'd but on scroll and stone;
 And the princely house of Tudor met
 Its end in a childless throne.

And the "Merry Monarch" with revel and rout
 Fill'd England's palace halls,
 When some fresh repairs were set about
 Within the dark Tower walls.

Beneath a ruinous staircase
 Which led to a chapel door,
 Where the steps of years had left their trace
 On the decayèd floor.

Deep under the worn pavement
 They found a heap of stones,
 A rude and uncouth monument,
 Covering some children's bones!

There had *they* lowly slumber'd
 Whose fate was never known,
 Till years and years unnumber'd
 Above their grave had flown.

And their relics were lifted from where they lay,
 Lonely and silent there,
 And borne away to the Abbey grey,
 Which had known them young and fair.

And among the tombs of their ancient line
 The princely boys were laid,
 Where their early childhood had found a shrine
 In the dim cathedral's shade.

THE TWO PICTURES.

I stood within an ancient hall
 All carved and panelled o'er;
 I saw the golden sunbeams fall
 Upon its oaken floor.

Thro' chink and lattice dust-besprent
 They dimly found their way,
 Where many an antique ornament
 Was passing to decay.

Where grandeur wore its faded prime
 With melancholy frown,
 And faces of the olden time
 In solemn grace looked down.

They stream'd upon old gothic frames
 Dim shining thro' the gloom,
 And figures, whose forgotten names
 Had perished in the tomb.

They lighted up a portrait fair,
 A child of other days,
 The long waves of whose parted hair
 Were gilded by their rays.

And calmly rose his open brow,
 His aspect sweet and mild,
 With eyes, whose lustre haunts me now,
 And lips that gravely smiled.

Oh, earth has still its forms of grace,
 Its hues of childhood fair,
 But never saw I earthly face
 Like that which lingered there.

Though fled the light of chivalry,
 The courtesy of old,
 Earth yet doth spirits proud and high,
 And gentle natures hold.

But never yet in stately bower,
 Or merry greenwood shade,
 Hath mine eye met with earthly flower,
 Like what hung there pourtray'd.

They say it was a father's pride,
 A master's hand which sought,
 While life's steep paths were all untried,
 And toils stern tasks unwrought.

To shadow forth the early spring,
 The sapling's promise green,
 The pluming of the eager wing,
 Whose flight was yet unseen.

And written in the thoughtful glance,
 The forehead calm and high,
 The spirit-beaming countenance,
 Of thoughts that could not die.

It needed not the gifted eye,
 The Warlock's cunning tongue,
 To read the starry destiny
 That on his manhood hung.

To follow on an inward light,
 A fire that ever burneth,
 A peopled realm of visions bright,
 None other eye discerneth—

To feel the spirit's quenchless thirst,
 To haunt the spirit's land,
 To see the welling waters burst
 Upon the shadowy strand,—

To trim the student's midnight lamp,
 To scan the learned scroll,
 To pace the twilight cloisters damp
 With rapt and tranced soul—

To write that father's name on high
 Earth's loftiest above,
 To his own immortality
 Fast linked by his love,—

All this was there—the long long past
 Hath stamp'd the pencil true ;
 For ever and for aye, shall last
 The image that it drew.

I stood within an ancient hall,
 I saw the sunbeams play
 On stately forms and figures tall,
 A long and proud array.

They gleam'd like spirits of the past,
 Through arch and column slim,
 Where'er the wandering light was cast
 Along the canvass dim.

The iron armour of the Knight
 Shone blue athwart the gloom,
 And high o'er helm and corslet bright
 Shadow'd the Baron's plume.

Above the Templar's scatheless crest
 The Pilgrim scallop shone,
 And stream'd on the Crusader's vest
 The proud cross of St. John.

The red rose wreath'd the lifted lance,
 The white rose tress'd the glaive,
 Or gather'd in the fields of France,
 I saw the lilies wave.

The Puritan's grey reverend head
 His long white locks array'd ;
 And features long time-hallowed,
 The chequering light display'd.

It rested on an aged face,
 Solemn and calm and pale,
 Full of deep quiet thoughtfulness,
 And trust which could not fail.

Yet with so many furrows graven,
 So many lines of care,
 With darkness on the eyes blue heaven,
 And sorrow in its air ;

Little was left by change and chance
 To shew the aspect mild,
 The well-remember'd countenance,
 Of that unearthly child.

He had pass'd on to busy life,
 By hope's gay dreams spell-bound ;
 But darker hours of toil and strife
 Had closed his manhood round.

The student's crown his brows had wreath'd
 The patriot's deathless bays,
 And far Italian song had breath'd
 The echoes of his praise.

But ever, where his step had pass'd,
 Like mockery o'er his way,
 Had bitter grief its shadow cast,
 And hope's too brief decay.

He saw his country's banner rise,
 In freedom and renown ;
 And all of her's that he had priz'd
 As fleetingly go down.

And his was grandeur's dazzling guise,
 To hearts like his how dim !
 But home ! home's priceless charities—
 Its loves were not for him.

He look'd upon earth's pageantry,
 Of upland and deep grove,
 Of waters glad and laughing sky,
 With all a poet's love.

And from his keen and longing sight
 They faded all away ;
 And only deep and changeless night
 Upon his vision lay.

He look'd into futurity,
 When his last work was done,
 And read with an unerring eye,
 The fame that it had won ;

And told the proud celebrity,
 A happier age should bring,
 While those around him pass'd it by,
 An unregarded thing.

I thought of that glad-hearted boy,
 Those features still and fair,
 So full of hope and quiet joy,
 So innocent of care.

I thought of all the causeless wrong,
 The deep and bitter woe ;
 The broken hopes and watchings long,
 It had been his to know.

I thought that had that bright young head
 Been laid in the still grave,
 Where never cometh tear to shed
 And never storm to brave.

Better had been such early fate,
 Than thus to have liv'd on,
 Till age came dim and desolate,
 And witching hope was gone.

I look'd into a dusty nook,
 Where, carv'd with studious cost,
 There lay an old and time-worn book,
 All clasp'd and brass-emboss'd.

I turn'd its mouldering pages o'er
 With glad and curious eye,
 For there were words of deeper lore,
 And noble thoughts and high.

"These idle orbs have sight forgot,
 Yet onward, onward still
 My spirit presseth, arguing not
 Against Heaven's hand or will.

"He looketh out, his hand provideth
 What needeth to procure,
 All through the paths of life He guideth,
 And stedfast I endure.

"As full of hope, as full of heart,
 As e'er in by-gone days,
 Contented, though earth's light depart,
 With Time's enduring praise."

"Contented though earth's light have fled
 Like earth's lost glory, hence;
 It goeth, a gift offered,
 In liberty's defence."

OH! HAUNTS OF GLADNESS.

Oh! haunts of gladness, where my unprov'd hand
Its first chords master'd—loveliest Tattingstone!
How hath sad change pass'd like the enchanter's wand,
O'er what so like the dreams of Eden shone
To my bewilder'd childhood;—they are gone—
The reverend presence of warm-hearted eld,
The wild wood-minstrels, the glad tones of song
That once in such deep thrall my spirit held,
Wandering with listless step those bowers among
When sunny morn its lessening shadows flung;
Or in my chamber these rude verses stringing,
That now my fond thoughts back to *thee* are winging,
What time the yellow harvest's golden moon,
Made calmer daylight of the night's still noon.

B A B Y L O N . *

A ROMAUNT.

" And fear'st thou !
 " And fear'st thou !
 " And see'st thou !
 " And hear'st thou !
 " And drive we not free
 " O'er the terrible sea."

He "fixed his eye on a white sea-bird apparently asleep on the
 "wing, but diving away Eastward into the sky, as if it were the heart
 "within us, sped onward with our boundless wishes."

I heard of dwellings marvellous
 Reared up by men of old ;
 Of walls that rose three hundred feet,
 And palaces of gold.
 I said I will seek Babylon,
 That ancient city brave,
 Whose myriad lamps are mirror'd deep
 In the Euphrates' wave :—
 And I will tread where those have trod
 That ruled a mightier age,—
 The warrior Queen of Shinaar,
 The grey Chaldean sage.

Thou hunter, who dost climb at eve
 The vault of Ether blue,
 Whose starry dagger nightly gleams
 My casement-lattice through—
 Guide me upon my wildering way,
 Far over sea and land,
 The ancient and untrodden hills,
 The desert's lone grey sand,

* First published in "The Tribute" a collection of miscellaneous unpublished
 Poems, edited by Lord Northampton."

To where thy golden bands were bound,
 Thine earliest homage paid,
 Where the first cities of the earth
 Cast far their awful shade.

I go not to the haunts belov'd
 Where, many a cloudless night,
 Thy flashing eyes have lighted me
 Beneath the laurels bright ;
 Where high above the wandering brook,
 The rustling larch-boughs play,
 And many a swift and startled plume
 Flits fast away, away :—
 Nor where the wild South-wester's wing
 Like Azrael hath swept by,
 And strewn along its fearful path
 The forest-children lie.

Oh fair, fair, are the lands that rise
 From out our Ocean's foam,
 And loveliest o'er the Atlantic wave
 Looks down our Island-home !
 But my sail is spread, and my heart is sped,
 To seek a mightier clime,
 Where rest on the primeval rocks
 The footsteps of old time ;
 And I am away to the mountains grey,
 That see the unrisen Sun,
 Beyond whose bound are the palm groves found
 Of terraced Babylon.

My bark flew South—my bark flew East !
 Wing'd by the breezes free,
 The high Herculean pillars through
 That guard the midland sea ;

Past those proud isles where once uprose
 The banner of St. John,
 And Adria's sapphire waters chant
 The dirge of glory gone ;
 Where still thy towers, La Valette,
 Rise round thy time-worn grave,
 And tale of thee L'Isle Adam,
 Hallows the Rhodian wave.

My bark flew South—my bark flew East !
 Borne by the laughing waves,
 Past Ida's fountain-water'd steep,
 Past Etna's firelit caves ;
 And Helle's surges wash'd her prow
 Or ere her sail she furl'd
 Beneath the Olive shores that bound
 That lovely Eastern world ;—
 Those lands where in the Earth's young time
 The age of gold roll'd by,
 And the lost Eden's guarded gates
 For ever hidden lie.

Pale—pale and with a waning light
 The Moslem crescent gleams,
 O'er thy sad hills, Jerusalem,
 O'er Israel's mournful streams ;—
 Where Angel wings have fann'd the air,
 And stirr'd the clear Lake's breast,
 And Heaven's own dwellers have come down.
 In Earthly homes to rest ;—
 All things are waiting silently,
 As lone night-watchers stand
 The coming of the Holy One
 To His forsaken land.

I climbed the cliff—I crossed the rock—
 I trod the deserts old—
 I passed the wild Arabian's tents
 The Syrian shepherd's fold ;
 Behind me far all haunts of men
 Stretch' d into distance grey,
 When spread before me, lone and wide,
 The plain of Shinàar lay,—
 The boundless plain of far Sinjâr,
 Where, long, long ages back,
 Abdallah read the silent stars,
 And wrote their mystic track.

Where art thou ? gem of the rich East !
 City of far renown !
 The glory of the proud Chaldee !
 The green earth's ancient crown !
 Where lies the Lake that gleaming wide
 Gave back thy hundred towers ?
 Where are thy gardens of delight ?
 Thy cedar-shaded bowers ?
 Where—where—oh ! where rolls rapidly
 Thine ever-flashing river,
 Past marble stair and column'd gate,
 Guarding thy walls for ever ?

There is no voice of gladness here—
 No breath of song floats by—
 I hearken, but the moaning wind
 Is all that makes reply ;
 Solemn and lone the silent marsh
 Spreads endlessly around,—
 And shapeless are the ruinous heaps
 That strew the broken ground.

Sadly, above huge outlines dim
 Sighs the lone willow-bough,
 The last—last voice of Babylon—
 Its only music now.

Son of Mandana ! by whose hand
 The dooméd City fell—
 The swift feet of whose soldiery
 Climb'd tower and citadel ;—
Thou foundest mirth and revelry,
 Thou foundest dance and song,
 Thou foundest many a banner fair,
 And many a joyous throng,—
 Like the Death-Angel camest thou
 When men were care-bereft,—
 And is this lone waste wilderness
 All, all that thou hast left ?

Oh ! glorious were her palaces !
 The cedar and the gold !
 The courts of Evil-Merodach
 The house of Belus old.
 And busy life was in her streets,
 Where countless nations throng'd ;
 Light footsteps glided through her homes,
 And mirth to her belong'd.
 But prophet voices murmured
 Even in her festal halls,
 And Angel-fingers wrote her doom
 Upon her palace walls.

At midnight came the Persian—
 Mingling amidst the crowd ;
 He heeded not the beautiful,
 He stayed not for the proud :—

False was her fated river !
 Helpless her gods of stone !
 He enter'd at her open gates—
 He passed and she was gone !
 Her place on earth abideth not
 Memorial hath she none ;—
 Darkness and ruin thou may'st find,
 But never Babylon !

THE HEBREW.

“ The sombre pencil of the dim-grey dawn
 Draws a faint sketch of Egypt to mine eye.”

The tall papyrus bow'd its head
 Above that lonely child ;
 The lotus its white blossoms spread
 Over his pillow wild.
 Where mirror'd gleams the waters gave
 Of many a massive pile ;
 Cradled—on the broad river's wave !
 Rock'd—by the ancient Nile !

His mother laid him mournfully
 Upon the glassy tomb,
 Which the proud king had scornfully
 Decreed her people's doom ;
 And left in helpless sleep was *he*,
 On the dark stream alone,
 Whose nurse a princess was to be,
 Beneath an Eastern throne !

Where still the mighty pyramid
 Its giant shadow flings,—
 Where hundred-gated Thebez hid
 Her long array of kings,—
 Where towers, (the living world beside)
 The city of the dead,—
 Where Memphis rear'd its walls of pride,
 His years of childhood fled.
 His nation's sorrow like a cloud
 Before his sight hung dim,
 And what were Egypt's temples proud—
 Her palaces—to him ?
 Reproach upon his people's lot,
 Shame on their forehead lay,—
 And from the halls they enter'd not,
 His footstep pass'd away.
 He turned him from the diadem
 That gleam'd above his head ;
 He turned away to share with them
 The life the weary led :
 To wander where the holy dead
 Had said their bones should be ;
 Far o'er where desert sands lay spread,
 Far over the wild sea.
 Once more,—but in long after years,
 Those palace courts he trod ;
 And utter'd in astonish'd ears
 The words of *Israel's* God !
 And darkness in its awful fold,
 Wrapp'd hall and chamber high,
 And red the crimson river roll'd
 Rapid and silent by.

The first-born of the king whose throne
 Those gorgeous realms obey'd—
 The first-born of the captive lone,
 Deep in his dungeons laid—
 The sleep of ages holdeth him !
 The prince and the pale slave !
 And thy sad wailings Mizraim,
 Rose wild above the grave.
 Oh ! Israel went forth hastily !
 They waited not for day !
 When woke the night that fearful cry,
 They hurried them away !
 The presence of the task-master,
 The hope-entombing river,
 The house of bondage and of fear,
 They quitted and for ever !
 An old man stood by the wild sea,
 Whose waters stopp'd their way ;
 While spread along the shingled lea,
 The hosts of Judah lay.
 A rod was lifted to the sky,
 Above the deep sea's bed,
 And the swift wind came sweeping by !
 And back the waters fled !
 They left a path for Israel,
 Man's foot had never found ;
 All paved with stone and shell,
 That strew'd the rocky ground.
 Far, far above, had gleam'd the sail,
 Like wing of a wild bird ;
 But never yet Arabian gale,
 Those hollow deeps had stirr'd.

They left a path for Israel,
 A path for them alone ;
 The horse of the pursuer fell
 By the wild waves o'erthrown.
 The chariots of Pharaoh stay'd,
 Their wheels drave heavily ;
 The horseman and his steed were laid
 Beneath the moaning sea.

A song above the waters rose,
 A song where gladness lay ;
 Through the lone wilderness its close
 Pealed low and far away.
 Encamp'd round Elim's palm-tree wells,
 The tents of Jacob shone ;
 And Horeb's rock the record tells
 Of Him who led them on.

Not of this earth the form that rose,
 Dark-veil'd their tents among !
 Not of this world's sad music those !
 The echoes of *that* tongue !
 The voices of another sphere
 Were listen'd to below,
 As Israel's thousands paus'd to hear,
 The path their steps must go.

He who in Eden's bowers of yore,
 In the cool evening walk'd,—
 He who beside the Patriarch's door,
 Stood face to face and talk'd—
 Dwelling between the Cherubim,
 He yet their guide became !
 And darkness doth pavilion Him
 Who was a light to *them*.

O! evening deserts! whose rude bars
 Shut out the green earth's flowers,
 Where nightly rise the changeless stars
 Watch'd from Chaldean towers,—
 Your sands have seen the water clear,
 Gush sparkling from the rock,
 And follow through their pathway drear,
 The footsteps of His flock.

Along them hath the shadow pass'd,
 Flung by the awful cloud ;
 And they have seen the brightness cast
 From His illumin'd shroud ;
 Till, years of weary wandering past,
 Led by His prophet's hand,
 His people found their rest at last,
 By Jordan's olive strand.

Oh! many a mouldering form lies spread
 In Hormah's vallies bare,
 That fondly once had hop'd to tread
 The land of promise fair.
 And *he* who power and splendour fled
 His people's lot to share,
 He saw it from the mountain's head,
 But might not enter there.

His lone and lowly sepulchre,
 No mortal eye hath seen ;
 Footstep of earthly pilgrim ne'er
 Beside that grave hath been.
 Dark spirits of the peopled air,
 With angel forms have striven,
 Touching the dust that slumbereth there,
 Watch'd by the eye of Heaven!

A SAILOR'S REVERIE.

"No! I leave weeping, in a valley's depths
 "Trees heavy with green shadow."

EPISTLE DEPRECATORY.*

O listen! listen! audience grave!
 No story of wild wars I tell,
 No triumph on the crimson wave,
 Nor record of high festival.

O listen! listen! audience sage!
 No tale of other times is mine!
 Chronicle of far pilgrimage,
 Or blood shed for a holy shrine.

No wandering Ladye prompts my laye,
 Roaming forlorn in savage lands,
 And borne by chivalrous essay
 From out the reach of pagan bands.

Such sang the Bard of Faëry land
 Unto the Tudor's court of old;
 And such again by skilful hand
 Is *promis'd* to be shortly told.

O! listen! audience belov'd!
 A passing moment listen yet!
 To one who miles away hath rov'd,
 But never will your hearth forget.

* In imitation of the song of Harold in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel;"
 address to the Inmates of the Charter House.

Nought of the starry east I bring,
 As erst hath unknown minstrel sung,
 Of toil and restless wandering
 The giant climes of old among.

It is not of an Empire's birth,
 It is not of a Monarch's fall ;
 Of things in Ocean, Air, or Earth,
 It is——the story of *a Wall*.

Oh ! not of those, the moss-grown stones
 That garland Lincoln's ancient hill ;
 Where to the eye that memory owns
 The shadowy eagle hovers still.

And not of those red massive piles
 Wreck of a fallen statesman's fate,
 That stand beside St. Peter's aisles
 And meet in Wolsey's College gate.

Nor yet of those green trelliced walls
 The blue vault of that archèd room,
 Where in the giant mirror falls
 The Italian pencil's gorgeous gloom.

O ! calm and pleasant parsonage !
 Thine image rises bright as then !
 As if 'twere but to pass the hedge,
 And thread thine endless lawns again !

I wonder if the thrushes still,
 At early morning haunt the green !
 I wonder if the daffodil
 Is gleaming yet the glades between !

But oh ! forgive me, listeners grave !
 Your patience should not thus be tried !
 Though dear is Orwell's winding wave
 To dwellers by the Humber side.

It is not of the bastions grey
 That guard our river's Elfin shore,
 My wandering words would speak to-day,
 Though *loiterers* in those haunts of yore.

Nor even of the charter'd pale
 Fencing the mulberry-shaded green,
 Like thy sweet Abyssinian vale,
 O ! Princess of the eastern tale,
 More than aught travel could unveil
 In thy so long'd for world I ween.

Nor such a Wall as once address
 Its lips of wonder to evince,
 What else could never have been guess'd,
 Unto the Athenian Queen and Prince.

O ! Lyre belov'd ! thou *wert* not made
 For these rude fingers' careless chime !
 Along thy wild chords *should* have stray'd
 Some sweet breath of the olden time !

It rose not of the marble white,—
 It rose not of the grey limestone,—
 It tower'd in solitary height
 Rear'd of a single slab alone.

Then listen,—but with gentle ear,
 For rudely I the theme shall handle,
 Hurriedly write I and in fear ;
 But first ! * * * * *

A SAILORS REVERIE.

The breeze is but a fitful breath
 Along the summer strand ;
 The rippling water murmureth,
 Over the yellow sand.

Purple and white, the lilac blows
 Down to the water's edge,
 The streamers of the wild-briar rose
 Hang every garden hedge.

There's sunshine on the cottages,
 A midsummer noon-tide,
 It glimmers through the green old trees,
 And checquers the way-side.

The long calm shadow of our roof
 Shelters the bench of oak ;
 And curling in white wreaths aloof
 Rises the village smoke.

Sweet is it to lie dreamily
 With half clos'd eyelids thus ;
 As if a darker sea and sky
 Had never scowl'd on us.

As if the fishing barks that glide
 Athwart the sunny creek,
 The white sails flitting side by side,
 That with their image break

The narrow space of sky and sea,
 Between those two tall elms,
 Were all that haunted memory,
 Or met me in its realms.

This very lane and Hamlet street,
 These very woodlands wild,
 I roamed with childhood's tireless feet
 When I was yet a child.

The quiet hearted fisherman
 Leaves not his native bay ;
 Oh ; ill possess his restless son
 To wander thence away !

We left the haunts of summer-time,
 We left our hamlet shore,
 We left the cheerful-breathing chime,
 The quiet-plashing oar.

We cross'd a wide and shoreless main,
 Storm-vext and billow-tost,
 Till entered we the dark domain,
 The dreary realms of Frost.

It gleams before my spirit yet,
 That blue and ghastly earth ;
 The dull red sun that hardly set
 Upon that land of dearth ;

Unwarm'd by ever noontide glow,
 Unpav'd by flower or wreath,
 Save the dwarf willow shivering low
 His slanting ray beneath.

The black sky arching overhead ;
 The white and changeless ground ;
 The unfamiliar stars that shed
 Their meteor light around.

Our ship was in a solid sea
 Moveless as in a vice;
 And we were looking mournfully
 Up toward a cliff of Ice.

Moveless, yet not unmov'd, she lay,
 Despite or strength or skill;
 And slowly shifted day by day
 Nearer and nearer still.

Nearer to where nor hope nor chance
 Of fair hap might befall,—
 Where, full in each pale countenance
 Uprose that fearful Wall!

It breaks upon me in my sleep!
 Fast overhead it seems!
 Abrupt, and fissureless, and steep!
 The Nightmare of my dreams.

And every day we measure made,
 And nearer still it came!
 And every night on watch we staid,
 And still it rose the same!

A fearful fate before us lay,—
 Helpless though well aware,—
 To watch our progress day by day
 Till crush'd to atoms there.

There is a Hand in human things
Measuring the cup we drink;
 And there are near us Angel wings
 When we but little think.

I little thought, a watcher worn
 Counting the steps of Death,—
 To lie beneath the sweet Hawthorn,
 And feel the warm air's breath,

And see the summer fisherman
 Steering his homeward prow,
 In my own roof-tree's shade again,
 As I am lying now.

I scarcely now know how it comes,
 We are not laid asleep,
 Far, far, away from human homes,
 Beneath the untravelled deep.

Over our heads the pavement
 Of the drifting wide ice-float,
 And our record and our monument,
 The spar of a stranded boat.

Strange memories flit before my sight,
 Of hope and terror made ;
 Of fruitless labour day and night,
 And sudden paths display'd ;

And of our vessel heav'd on high,
 Abandon'd by her crew,
 And yet of floating gallantly
 Along the ocean blue.

Oh ! gray walls where was many a prayer
 For us "in danger" made ;
 Where in their turf-clad sepulchre
 Our fathers' bones are laid ;

The hand that led us back to see,
 Your sea-mark o'er the wave,
 Our guide through darker dangers be,
 The storm that riseth inwardly,
 The calm that breathes delusively,
 Till, murmurless and peril-free,
 We slumber in the grave.

THE REVISITER.

"And memory too with her dreams shall come."

The causes long in Westminster Hall
 Were slowly spinning out,
 And a tired list'ner here and there
 Was idly turning about.

Some into the wide full streets ;
 And some to the abbey shade ;
 And some look'd into the parliament house,
 That was just all fresh array'd.

Dark Oliver's house from its pride of place,
 Had pass'd out of sight and mind ;
 And the re-throned Stuart's princely race
 Had bent to the adverse wind.

And while hearts were worn with care and thought
 And turmoil was in the air,
 The shews of life were as gaily wrought
 As if never a change were there.

There came in an old man gravely drest,
 In a sober suit and grey ;
 Whether wearer or cloth, most years had seen,
 In truth it were hard to say.

Shrewdly smil'd the gallants gay,
 Whose fathers had walk'd St. Paul's ;
 And they pass'd their jokes on the traveller grey
 Who had enter'd St. Stephen's walls.

"To mark good sir, this princely place,
 "It marvelleth thee I ween !
 "To look at thine earnest and pondering face
 "Not often such hast thou seen."

The old man listen'd silently,
 Without or word or sign ;
 He was thinking of far other things
 Than the speaker might divine.

He was seeing the dark and knitted brows
 Of the round-head leaders grim ;
 And the gaily trimm'd out parliament house,
 Had *other* tales for *him*.

There had sate Sir Harry Vane,
 And there was Bradshaw's place,
 And the angel mien of Hutchinson
 Rose up before his face.

And the *had* been, and the *might have* been
 Were making the present dim ;
 When again the cavalier query cool
 To the visible waken'd him.

And the old man pointed to the Throne,
 With calm and moveless air;
 "When last within this house" he said,
 "My seat was in that chair."

O! son of Cromwell! was it but
 A dull mind's apathy,
 Oh! *was* it weakness, or *was* it strength,
 Won quiet life for thee?

RETROSPECTION.

"Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 "By night or day,
 "The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

"Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 "Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

We skirted the green common, in evening's quiet light,
 We swept along the broad road an hour before night,
 We left behind long avenues of deep and massive green,
 And nearer, nearer, nearer still the city vast was seen.

Its dim and distant spires more clearly defin'd grew,
 Its giant domes rose silently the misty ether through,
 And closing in around us stretch'd its lengthening shadows dun,
 When a narrow lane-way open'd, towards the setting sun.

I know not what it is, in a summer afternoon,
 In the calm of still July, or the green delight of June,
 I know not what it is, but I know the feeling well,
 Comes over me at sunset like a vision or a spell.

I know not what there should be of influence or of power,
 In the fall of the day more than any other hour ;
 But oh ! I know it well, like a gleam of something gone,
 How strangely it comes o'er me as the sunset-light comes on.

We pass'd a narrow lane that came up from the West,
 We were sweeping through the broad road by busy feet imprest ;
 And the yellow slanting sunbeams with an almost level ray,
 Streamed down upon a boy who was running there at play.

Running, running, all alone, in an ever-changing ring,
 Round some wooden plaything which he held in a long string,
 And whirled it round and round him, and ran round it eagerly,
 It might be boat, or sledge, or kite, he meant that it should be.

Not that it was like these things, or anything defin'd,
 But form and colouring live within a child's inventive mind ;
 And, unlike the hurrying passers-by, he ran round there at play,
 As if upon some village-green, a hundred miles away.

I know not what it is, but a sad and strange delight,
 Unconsciously came o'er me as I look'd upon the sight ;
 And amid the unquiet streets through the long & thoughtful day,
 I am haunted ever since by that happy child at play.

It is even such a feeling as rises in one's breast
 At the sight of pleasant pictures of gardens trimly drest,
 With their long smooth gravel walks & their never turning ways,
 Seen as they used to look in the hue of other days.

Or when one turns the pages of some great gardener old,
 Who lauds the tall sunflower, and gleaming marigold ;
 The spires of the hollyhock, and the scented hawthorn bough,
 And all those grave and stately things which are thought
 nothing now.

I am tired of the bright shows that meet me every where,
 I am tired of the hurry, I am tired of the glare;
 I wish I were again in that world of long ago,
 It seems as if I'd lived in, though when I do not know.

There are some rude old verses, about the hills of Wales,
 And a cottage buried far in the winding inland dales,
 And a grey-hair'd old woman with a quick and cheerful air,
 And I never read those lines but I half seem to have been there.

It may be a half memory of the chalky uplands wild,
 Where we played and gathered wild flowers when I was quite
 a child;

And the ancient lady living where the brook ran past her door,
 With her garden of anemones and her neatly sanded floor.

Of the long shady lanes where the thick hazels grow,
 And the lone deserted lime-kilns where the wild roses blow,
 Where thy sweet lily, Nettlestead, in other days held state,
 And the gateway of her home stands to mind us of her fate.

Oh! they are gone, those changeful times, of reckless pastime all,
 Save when the hasty brand was drawn, the sudden axe let fall;
 When he who once was glad to hide in green Boscobel's shade,
 At merry bowls in Christ-church park beneath the chesnuts
 play'd.

When Monmouth rode, a hunter blythe, the gay knight of the
 rose,

And Claydon's hills & rich corn-fields saw proud & gallant shows,
 Too soon to see like summer skies, all shapes of change flit by,
 While he, the lily's twice false lord, was led in shame to die.

Ah! well a day, we will not grieve for troubled years like these,
 Nor wander from our argument to haunt those green old trees;

It is but through one human life our glance is stretching back,
And dim enough in distance lies its sunrise-gilded track.

We were speaking, we were thinking, of the fitful gleams that
come,

Like sudden torches lifted in a dark and starry dome,
Where the tools of the astrologer lie scattered on the ground,
And cast may be our horoscope, and life's lost entries found.

It may be some faint traces of villages far hence,
Where the broad Trent rolls his stream by the pasture-land's
green fence ;

Where by the side of Tuxford heath winding our pathway lone,
With awe I used to look upon the grey rebel's stone.

O ! memory-hallow'd Ossington ! sweet bower of romance,
Whence life afar-off looked on, wore a pleasant countenance ;
I have not found its aspect upon a nearer view,
Like the thing it seem'd to be when in thy horizon blue.

In the woodpaths long and lonesome, oh ! for an hour of play,
Or down in the pond-garden beneath the poplars gray,
Where we rock'd upon the willow-bough above the hill of moss,
With the gardener's ruin'd cottage seen the broken hedge across.

Oh ! for an hour of hunting in the study's dusty screen,
For a rare and untold story of what had never been ;
A gaze on the old paintings that hung the dark walls round,
And led the wandering spirit o'er magic-tinted ground.

Oh ! where, where, can the world be, to which memory point-
eth back,

I know not where to find it, in life's well-beaten track,
I have studied grave geography, and pored on map and chart,
But I never found the pleasant land whose face is in my heart.

Oh ! the present time forgets what the future was to give,
 And the further-off seems happiness the longer that we live ;
 We see it far before us, fast fleeting as the wind,
 And turning to look backward, we see it far behind.

They say, the quiet eventime of life's declining day,
 Doth wear a better hue than its morning's glad array ;
 I wonder if its sunset will ever bring to me,
 As sweet a light as that which doth linger over thee.

Farewell, farewell, green Ossington ! would mine were but
 the rhyme,
 Could give thy pleasant name in sure keeping unto Time !
 Like to some gone-by masque array'd beneath the summer
 bough,
 Like a dream but half returning, for ever comest thou.

LAKE OF NEMI.*

"My fancy lingered round the imperial halls,
 "Where she had made herself a shadowy home,
 "By Tiber's banks and Arno's waterfalls."

Lake of Nemi ! Lake of Nemi !
 Mirror of a haunted land !
 Fair child of the dark volcano !
 Memory writes upon thy strand.
 Rocky steep and whispering forest
 Flung their shadows round thy shore,
 And Egeria's ancient fountain
 Murmuring falls for evermore !

* Imitated from "Gentle River," in Percy's collection.

Lake of Nemi! Lake of Nemi!

Thy calm breast reflects the sky,
 Nothing breathing of the relics
 That beneath its surface lie;
 Lightly o'er thee flits the galley,
 From whose oars the spray-shower falls;
 Little dreaming thy deep waters
 Wander through deserted halls.

Lake of Nemi! Lake of Nemi!

Once upon thy calm repose,
 Towering like the fanes around thee,
 On thy breast the palace rose.
 And the light step of the dancer
 Glided o'er the marble floor,
 And the lute's low music floated
 On thy ripple to the shore.

Lake of Nemi! Lake of Nemi!

Memory writes upon thy wave;
 On thy breast the imperial Spaniard
 Many a moonlit banquet gave.
 Like a dream of sweet midsummer,
 Trajan's palace past away,
 Till o'er arch, saloon, and column
 Thy calm waters stirless lay.

Lake of Nemi! Lake of Nemi!

Years had floated o'er thy wave,
 Counted by the fountain rushing
 In thy depths to find a grave.
 Like a dream of ancient glory
 Prince and sceptre had gone by,
 In thy mirror all things changing,
 Save the deep woods and the sky.

Lake of Nemi! Lake of Nemi!
 To thy shores an old man stray'd
 What time in Italian cities,
 Roman pontiffs were obey'd.
 And the keen glance of the diver
 Into thy lone depths was cast,
 Searching under thy dark waters
 For the lost things of the past.

Lake of Nemi! Lake of Nemi!
 Tapestry'd by the wild weed's loom,
 There lay hall and marble chamber,
 Hush'd and silent as the tomb.
 There rose arch and brazen column,
 And along the pavement spread,
 Yellow sand and glistening pebbles,
 Gather'd from the blue Lake's bed.

Lake of Nemi! Lake of Nemi!
 Heroes trod thy woody glades,
 And the poet wandered dreaming,
 Through thy lone and haunted shades.
 And the slow step of the pilgrim
 To the shrines where bright things be,
 Turneth fondly, turneth ever,
 O Italian Lake! to thee!

THE PEASANT'S BURIAL.

"We are forgotten even as they."

They laid him in his early grave
Among the flowers of spring ;
When the green boughs began to wave,
And the glad birds to sing ;
And happy voices were around
While his was silent in the ground.

I saw his little sisters stand
One moment by the spot,
Then silently seek hand in hand
The home where *he* was not,
And from the porch I turn'd away
To hide the tears I could not stay.

Sweet laughing child ! thy cottage door
Stands free and open now,
But oh ! its threshold wears no more
The gladness of thy brow !
Thy dancing step hath pass'd away,
Thy merry shout is hush'd for aye.

Thy mother by the fire-side sits
And listens for thy call ;
And slowly, slowly while she knits
Her quiet tears downfall ;
Her little hindering thing is gone,
And undisturb'd she may knit on.

The evening grey, the evening cold,
 Comes down upon the green ;
 And homeward from the darkling wold
 Thy father's step is seen ;
 But oh ! to greet him at the door
 Thine elfin shadow flits no more !

And when the sabbath summer morn
 Shines over wood and fell,
 And far along the corn-fields borne
 Is heard the village bell ;
 When the loud waggon is laid by,
 And weary beasts feed quietly ;

And up the flower'd meadow side,
 Amid the long fresh grass,
 Drest in the garb of festal-tide,
 The early peasants pass ;
 While round the gray porch gathering,
 Their rustic notes the children sing ;

He never more must carry thee
 To listen to the psalm,
 Which o'er the hedge and sheep-strewn lea
 Floats in the summer-calm :
 Its echoes reach thy mother's room,
 But oh ! they breathe above thy tomb !

Our green churchyard ! its narrow bound
 Stays not the passer-by ;
 Yet many a tale is written round
 For sorrow-learnèd eye ;
 For aching love hath often laid
 Its idols in that low tower's shade.

Above a face as bright as thine
 The golden wild flowers wave,
 Where gay the starry cinque-foils shine
 Round little Mercy's grave ;
 The merriest that was ever seen,
 On all the cheerful village-green.

And there—beside the church-yard gate,
 In blessèd hope there sleeps
 The pale thin boy above whose fate
 A mother's heart still weeps.
 The favorite of the dame's kind rule ;
 The genius of the village school.

The gipsy child, whose wild bright eyes
 Haunted the porch so long,
 Far parted from his playmates lies
 Amid a sadder throng.
 The Hundred-House looks down in gloom
 Above poor Hazel's lonely tomb.

And thou, my own friend, whose glad hearth
 Was lighted by content ;
 Whose cottage rang with pleasant mirth
 And summer merriment ;
 While thy fair children's shout and smile
 Gave welcome at thy garden stile.

Now their fond looks they on me bend
 As we from church depart,
 And their unconscious glances send
 An aching through my heart !
 I shall not pass their steps again,
 Treading with thee the homeward lane.

There is no greeting now for me,
 Unheeded I pass on,
 Where once a lamp lit up by thee,
 Thy cheerful dwelling shone ;
 The Yemen where I sought relief,
 When sick at heart with scenes of grief.

Thy flowers have found another hand,
 Or they are gone like thee ;
 Departed have thy household band,
 And silence dwells with glee ;
 Oh ! vain love that can never save—
 Beside the gray porch is thy grave.

Oh ! for a glimpse of what departs
 Departing time with thee ;
 A record of the passionate hearts,
 Whose ashes *there* may be
 By human eye ne'er look'd upon,
 For all that lov'd them too are gone.

Lowly their lives, the peasant now
 The hamlet holds alone ;
 And toilworn are the forms that bow
 O'er graves without a stone ;
 But so doth grandeur come and go,
 It may not have been always so.

Heads may be there whose thoughtful brow
 Hath nurs'd the convent's lore ;
 Hands that have bent the yew-tree bow,
 Or drawn the broad claymore ;
 Guarded the flower of York's repose,
 Or wreath'd the red Lancastrian rose.

For written in the records old
 That in the chancel lie,
 Stand names of ancient faith enroll'd
 And haughtier destiny.
 And in the aisle the grey stone tells
 That there the patriot's memory dwells.

"Deare to his countreye"—oh ! how fair
 Her hills stretch to the sea ;
 Yet tells no lingering pathway there,
Where once his home might be.
 His roof—it long hath vanishèd ;
 His followers—they are all long dead.

But what have these, light-hearted child,
 To do with thine and thee ?
 And what avail these wanderings wild
 To seek what may not be ?
 Dim, vain, essayings to unfold
 That which no page of earth may hold.

"Good-bye ! good-bye !" that merry tone,
 I seem to hear it yet ;
 That shout of mirth and gladness gone
 I never can forget ;
 Though broken is the silver spell,
 And hush'd that gleeful, wild farewell.

THE VILLAGER'S HYMN TO THE SCRIPTURES.

“Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy holy word, we may embrace and ever hold fast, that blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ.”

Lamp of our feet, whose hallow'd beam
 Deep in our hearts its dwelling hath,
 How welcome is the holy gleam
 Thou sheddest o'er our lowly path.
 Light of our way, whose rays are flung
 In mercy o'er our pilgrim road,
 How blessèd, its dark shades among,
 The star that guides us to our God.

Our fathers in the days gone by
 Read thee in dim and secret caves;
 Or in the deep wood silently
 Met where the summer bough still waves,
 To seek the hope thy record gave
 When thou wert a forbidden thing;
 And the strong chain and bloody grave
 Were all on earth thy love could bring.

Our fathers in the days gone by,
 Read thee while peril o'er them hung;
 But *we* beneath the open sky
 May search thy leaves of truth along;
 Fearless our daily haunts among
 May chant the hallow'd lays of old,
 Once by the shepherd minstrel sung,
 When Israel's hills o'er-hung his fold.

In the sweet morning's early prime
 Thy blessèd words our lips engage,
 And round our hearths at evening-time
 Our children spell the holy page,
 The way-mark through long-distant years
 To guide their wandering footsteps on,
 Till thy last, loveliest beam appears
 Written on the grey churchyard stone.*

Word of the Holy and the Just,
 To leave thee pure our fathers bled ;
 Thou art to us a sacred trust,
 A relic of the martyr-dead.
 Among the vallies where they fell
 The ashes of our fathers sleep,
 May we who round them safely dwell
 Pure as themselves the record keep.

Lamp of our feet, which day by day
 Are passing to the lonely tomb,—
 If on it fall thy peaceful ray
 Our last low dwelling hath no gloom.
 How beautiful their calm repose
 To whom "that blessèd hope" was given,
 Whose pilgrimage on earth was clos'd
 By the unfolding gates of Heaven.

* "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Rev. c. xiv. v. 13. The last time I read those words upon a Tombstone, it was beneath the beautiful spire of Heckington. Perhaps some may read this page who will remember that pleasant day.

THE SHEPHERD'S VIGIL.

"Are ye for ever to your skies departed?"

Silent and calm and beautiful
The starry night came down ;
Where rush Siloa's waters cool,
Where Kedar's deserts frown ;
And deep its quiet shadow fell
Upon the hills of Israel.

The dark green hills, where once of old
The Patriarchs' tents were seen ;
Where lay the still and peaceful fold,
The hanging cliffs between,
Which in his earlier, happier days
Heard the sweet psalmist's lyre of praise.

And lovely lay the land around,
Lovely as when of yore
The footsteps of her God were found
Upon her olive shore ;
And where her vine-wreath'd gates unclos'd
The shadow of her Rock repos'd.

In Bethlehem his father's sheep
The son of Jesse fed ;
And still o'er crag and palm-crown'd steep
Of sceptred Judah spread,
A thousand folded fleeces shone
Like snow on mountain Lebanon.

Far, far along the purple heights
 That stretch into the sky,
 Scattered as in calm summer nights
 The clouds on Heaven lie ;
 When distant founts are heard to play,
 And the low wind is hush'd away.

Silently rose the hour when He
Once well in Judah known,
 Came to his temple suddenly
 Came veiled and alone.
 A stranger in the pleasant land
 Their fathers gather'd from his hand.

He who hath pass'd the palace by
 In lowly roofs to rest,
 The dweller in eternity—
 The contrite spirit's guest—
 Though angels were his heralds then,
 His message sent to shepherd men.

Watching among the dark green hills
 In the night's shadow roll'd,
 Listening but to the far off rills,
 The low bleat of the fold,—
 They saw the awful mantle furl'd
 That wraps us from the hidden world !

And voices—not of this world's mirth,
 But gladness far more deep,—
 Forms such as walk'd the ancient earth,
 Or broke on holy sleep,
 Startling the dreamer's dazzled eye,—
 Swept in unearthly splendour by.

They heard the words which never now,
 The ear of night may hear ;
 Earth's faded and defiled brow
 Feels no bright presence near ;
 And pathless is the mountain sod
 So long by angel footsteps trod.

Thou who hast walk'd the world alone
 With sad and weary feet !
 Thou who hast left thine ancient throne
 Thy stray'd sheep to meet !
 Though fallen and lost the guilty spot,
 Yet oh ! do *thou* forsake it not.

“HE WALK'D UNKNOWN.”

“*How often* would I have gathered thy children !”

He walk'd unknown in Judah.——Thirty years
He was among them and they knew him not ;
 He saw his shrine defil'd, his law forgot,
 As if, far hidden in *long* distant spheres
 He had on earth no people. *He* whose ears
 Had listen'd to the voice of their distress,
 The murmuring utter'd in the wilderness,
 And fill'd the winds with plenty,—and strewn round
 The food of angels on the desert ground,
 And sweeten'd the sad waters :—like a bird
 With sheltering wings o'ershadowing :—even he
 Whose steps in Eden at the nightfall heard,
 When the cool airs in that lost garden stirr'd,
 Had been,———as now alas ! must *never be* !

THE JEW.

"Then sank the star of Solyma!"

He pass'd amid the crowd which throng
 The restless city street,
 Where hurrying steps for ever on,
 And hurried voices meet;
 The footsteps of a thousand fall,
 In those dim winding ways,
 But oh! how different from them all
 Was he who met my gaze!

He pass'd—his dark and gloomy brow
 With toil and thought care-worn,—
 His rapid glance is on me now
 That flung back scorn for scorn!
 Oh! who, but for Heaven's stamp imprest,
 One shadow there could trace,
 Of all that once was wont to rest
 On his far fallen race!

A thousand homes around him rose
 'Mong fanes and arches dim;
 Their dwellers were his scornful foes,
 Their shrines were not for him!
His home was where the palm-trees rise,
 Where hangs the clustering vine;
 The land—the land of palaces!
 The Olive Palestine!

The footstep of the fleet gazelle
 Sounds through her grass-grown courts;
 The halls of princely Israel
 Are the lone owl's resorts;

Forgotten is the lofty fate,
The very names unknown,
Of those whose house is desolate,
Their temple overthrown.

Still, as of old, the palm-tree waves
O'er many a mountain-steep,
While low in their forgotten graves
The holy prophets sleep.
Fallen are the rock-built sepulchres
Where Judah's Monarchs lay,
While those who fondly hold them theirs
Are dwellers far away.

He pass'd, that outcast wandering one,
That exile from a shore
Whose crown is fallen, whose nobles gone,
Whose beautiful are o'er !
Oh ! who can on its glories dwell,
Its tale of sorrow learn,
Without one sigh for Israel,
One prayer for his return.

THE PROSPECT.

“ Now he rejoices in his little orb,—while we think, and sigh, and long to be as safe as he is.”—*Jeremy Taylor to Evelyn.*

“ Safe ! ”—oh ! the meanings deep and high
Which hidden in that one word lie !

“ Safe ”—from the future and the past—

“ Safe ”—from the sunshine and the blast.

Oh many a step had *he* to tread,

That writer of an age gone by,

Ere he with his beloved dead

As blessed and as “ safe ” could lie ;

And little he perchance was thinking

While bowed above his early lost,

The cup of many sorrows drinking,

And still at every footstep cross'd

By the uncounted ills that bow

Most heavily the loftiest brow,

When genius lights the sunken eye

That looks on hopeless poverty,—

Of all the perilous honours' blaze,

The ensnaring light of prosperous days,

The years in courtly favour drest,

The hours that rose in garb of pride,

Between him and the blessed rest

The safety,—for which then he sighed.

Oh ! troublous times have ever been

A setting forth of holy men !

And there were shining spirits seen

Like lights within a dark world then ;

Minds which their early tinge had caught

From the first Charles's sober court,

And meekly taking griefs and fears
 Through the long night of evil years,
 Lingered their latest rays to shed
 Upon his son's regardless head;
 Though ill accorded jest and song,
 And revel of his courtier throng,
 With the sweet gravity still cast
 About those children of the past.

He sleeps in peace—thy channel wave
 Green Innisfail, divides his grave
 From that which holds the gentle friend
 To whom those meaning words were penn'd;
 O! sainted Evelyn! calm and grey,
 Like sunset of an Autumn day,—
 Treading a path which, still and lone,
 Was by the voice of blessing known,—
 Watcher where lowly sickness laid!
 Restorer of the Greenwood shade!
 Who thinks, while Englands' gallies brave
 Sweep proudly o'er the summer wave,—
 Who thought, while England's cannon roar,
 Echoed by many a far sea-shore,—
 Of the white head which long had laid
 In quiet Wotton's chancel shade,
 Unconscious of the merry chimes
 The mirth and song of festal times,
 For triumphs on the billows green
 Which, but for *him*, had never been?

Land of our love! if ever night
 Gather around our hearths again,
 May but our Altar's flame burn bright,
 Watched—oh! by *such* as watched it then.

THE WITNESS.

“Dream-like to my searching eye,
“The legend of thy history.”

“Time covers with his hand the flame
“And faintly doth the dim light creep
“Through the shadow.”

O'er the mountain's of Israel the eagle had soar'd,
In the halls of her princes the Roman was lord,
And the land of her God bore the yoke of his foes,
When a voice from the desert in warning arose.

The glories of Judah were dim with decay,
Her twilight of grandeur was fading away,
The shadow of ruin around her was cast,
When that cry from the wilderness rose on the blast.

The wilds of Judea lay silent and lone,
Their echoes repeated the messenger tone,
On the hum of the murmuring city it broke,
And starting like slumberers its thousands awoke.

Why throng ye the desert? Why tread ye the sand
With hurrying step o'er the desolate strand?
From the marble pav'd courts where the multitude trode
From the vineyards lone paths to the vulture's abode?

What dwells in the desert? the whispering reeds
Wave in the still breeze where the cormorant feeds,
The cry of the bittern is heard through the air,
But the robed and the crowned have no tenement there.

The more than a prophet ! the herald of Him
Whose brightness no shadow of evil should dim,—
The voice of one crying the lone wastes among,
Through hamlet and court like a trumpet hath rung.

He came in the desert, the owl's dim retreat,
The rock-distill'd honey—the locust his meat,—
He spoke of the looked for, the coming, the near,—
And the young and the aged throng'd round him to hear.

His word was the summons of terror and shame,
When the proud, the oppressor, the false-hearted came,
But the hope and the glory he had to foretell,
On the watcher's sad brow like a summer-beam fell.

He gave them his message, his record of one,
The light of whose rising had even begun ;
Long, long ere its lustre had scatter'd the gloom,
The voice of the witness was hush'd in the tomb.

SILENCE.

“How excellently composed is that mind which shews a piercing wit, quite void of ostentation,—high erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy,—and eloquence as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to the uttering,—and a behaviour so noble, as gives beauty to pomp, and majesty to adversity.”

“No! it was *not* the states; but you! you! you!”

“HAVE they taken Silence?”

The minister, impatient, said;
And when he was answered “No.”

Granville shook his head.
Vain is every offering yet,
Power and wealth and noble birth;
“*If that fish have missed the net,*
“*Alva's draught is nothing worth.*”
For the Cardinal knew the boy
In the Emperor Charles's court,
And the firm soul that had stored
The lessons that he taught.

It is not always that in courts
Favour waits upon the good;
But for the grace of his countenance,
Or for some old gratitude,
Or because a changeless fate
Was shaping to its purpose high,
The ordered accidents that wait
On a human destiny,
Deepest trust and honour fair,
From the hour life was begun,
Follow'd William of Nassau
The Countess Juliana's son.

In the council chamber dim,
 In the hall of audience,
 Sits a child, unbarr'd, unchid,
 And they call him—"Silence."
 He may wander at his will
 Through the maze of policy,
 Keen intrigue and bold design
 All lie open to his eye.
 And an Emperor's pupil, trained
 To high command and wary skill,
 The heir of Engelbert remain'd
 Uncorrupt and noble still.

And the world went speeding on,
 Change still treading upon change;
 And the Emperor left his throne
 For a Convent's narrow range.
 And the good Prince Ferdinand
 Wore the Imperial circlet now;
 And the crowns of half the world
 Glittered upon Philip's brow.
 Splendours like the radiance flung
 Round an evil angel's head;
 Lighted at the torch of hell
 Luring downwards to the dead.

"Even to the Wallet; we
" Will our ancient rights defend!
" Faith and Law and Liberty,
" Part not till our last lives end!"
 The brave words of the Hollanders
 Were heard the Pyrenees beyond;
 And the council of Castile
 Read the lines of Aldigande.

Firm and true ye had *need* be !
 For the foe is on his way !
 A dark monarch's darkest tool
 Stoops upon his destin'd prey.
 " Farewell Prince without estate ! "
 Egmont unto Orange said ;
 " Fare thee well ! " the Prince replied,
 " Count without a head ! "
 The hand upon the dial-plate
 Shew'd not yet the appointed time,
 Until which the Patriot's stand
 Is the rebel's crime.
 Orange into Germany
 Went in quietness to dwell ;
 Egmont in an evil hour
 Into Alva's power fell.
 Yes !—to dwell in quietness,—
 If the calm of outward life,
 Be the measure and the gage
 Of the spirit's peace or strife.
 If in unseen bitterness,
 O'er our country's wrongs to brood,—
 If to gather up our strength
 In the hush of solitude,—
 To garner up resolvedly
 Every stirring impulse felt,—
 If this be to dwell quietly,
 So William Prince of Orange dwelt !
 But there is a limit set
 To the endurance of the wise !
 There are signs in human things
 To be read by gifted eyes !

Time and tide for no man wait,
 But the wise man waits for them;
 He may fall on evil fate,
 Who their current tries to stem.
 By Alva to the *scaffold* sent
 Eighteen thousand victims bled;
 Then up Germany arose !
 And her armies Silence led.

Fearful must the contest be
 Where the elements of strife,
 Are high thoughts and passions deep,
 Guarding dearer things than life.
 Where an overwhelming strength,
 Offers battle field by field,
 To the serried bands of those
 Who will sooner die than yield.
 And if in the long essay,
 Many a high heart press the bier,
 What though honour gilds their graves !
 Is not freedom bought too dear ?

No ! lov'd prince ;—though *thine* high aim
 Led thee to a bloody grave ;—
 Though the murderer's weapon reft
 The high wreath thy country gave ;—
 Though at empire's threshold flung
 Thou wert hurried to the dead,
 Seeking in thy last brief prayer
 Mercy on thy people's head ;—
 If a voice could pierce the veil
 Hiding the departed——oh !
 Surely to such questioning
 Thou wouldst answer—No !—oh ! No !

LAMENT FOR THE LINCOLN GREEN.

“ Yet let us sing
Honour to the old Bowstring ! ”

Oh ! where *is* the Lincoln Green ?
Oh ! whither is it gone ?
There once was a time when it used to be seen
Wherever the bright sun shone !

When the bugle was ringing in merry Sherwood,
And the Hawkers rode down by the mere,
And the ellwand arrow of Robin Hood
Was known to the forest deer.

It robbed the Boy of Egremond
When he whistled his hawk and hound,
The last time that his mother fond
Heard that familiar sound.

It graced the Knight of fair Snowdown,
Lost on Loch Katrine's shore ;
There's never a tale of old renown
But *this* the huntsmen wore.

The Hunters are coming—oh ! look, look, look !
They are flitting like wildfire by ;
For the hounds are to meet at the Drinsey Nook,
And the sun is *up* in the sky !

The Hunters are riding down Lincoln Hill,
 From Canwick they're crossing the scene;
 But—there's *no* old forester lingering still
 In his suit of Lincoln green!

Oh! many things have vanished
 From the earth's fair face away;
 The light of the past is a glory fled,
 And the present is dull and grey.

With a murky gathering overhead,
 And a dark and lowering sky,
 And ominous whispers murmuring dread
 On the night-wind floating by.

Need is there now for the loyalty
 That once kept our oars in chime!
 The heart of oak, and the bearing high,
 And the faith of the olden time!

Oh! many things have vanished
 And will never more be seen!
 Ye may see the Hunter's garb of red,
 But never the Lincoln green!

Sorry I am for the fading and fall
 Of many things that *have* been,
 But the thing I am sorry for most of all
 Is, alas! the Lincoln green!

THE GAZELLE BOAT SONG.

“ And all the while to guard their chime
 “ With falling oars they kept the time.”

Away! Away! pull fast and free
 The diamond dropping oar!
 Before us lies the wide, wide sea!
 Behind us the river shore!
 The sunshiny, shadowy, checquer'd shore,
 With its laughing leaves and flowers;
 With its green woods hanging the glad wave o'er
 And its arch'd arcades and bowers;
 And further, fairer, lov'd far more,
 Those pleasant homes of ours!
 Away! Away! the gay Gazelle
 Glides over the glad blue water,
 Light as ever the nautilus shell
 The fairy mariner's coracle,
 The South sea's pearl-clad daughter.

The tide runs fast by pine-dark ridge,
 And long low meadow-land,
 On either side the arch'd bridge
 Rippling along the strand,
 Singing a low song light and bland
 To the smooth and sparkling sand.
 Where Handford's bending copses break
 The still and narrow stream,—
 Where mirror'd in the evening lake
 The Cliff's bright casements gleam,—

Where the murmuring limeboughs' leaves are shed,
 Where the stately poplar stoops its head,
 Where Goldrood like a coronet lies
 Upon the green hill's brow,
 And Birkfield's long verandahs rise
 Before our homeward prow.

Away! Away! the gay Gazelle, &c.

The tide runs fast, the tide runs strong
 By many a woodland-steep,
 Where gliding the tall dark stems among
 The dun deer start and leap,
 Or stretched the smooth green sward along,
 The white stag lies in sleep.
 Where the mushroom springs in the summer rain,
 Where, far in the distance the glittering vane
 Like a low star, hung above oak and pine
 Shines over the long uplands,
 And lovely in its columned shrine
 The veiled image stands.

Where the sunset streams through the lattices lone
 Of Latimer's ancient tower;
 And the walls of stately Woolverstone
 Gleam far in the twilight hour.

Away! Away! the gay Gazelle, &c.

The tide runs fast in the summer-calm
 By many a low thatch'd roof;
 By strong martello and quiet farm,
 And proud walls cannon-proof.
 Where plume-like wave the Tamarisk-trees
 In the breezy summer air,
 Round the lavender-fenced terraces
 Of the Landguard gardens fair—

Or where the Shannon's leader rests
 Far, far, from the gun-deck's roar,
 And the weary sea-bird builds its nest
 On the silent summer shore.

Away! Away! the gay Gazelle, &c.

Though ours be not the bearing high
 In old romances sung,—
 Though not round us have chivalry
 Its stately mantle flung,—
 Though reckless of the classic grace
 In studious cloisters worn,
 Yet ours is gay glad-heartedness
 And kindness, England-born.
 Then who would see the open hand
 The welcome frank and free,
 Come hither, hither, to Orwell's strand
 Where shadows the green oak-tree!
 Away! away! the gay Gazelle
 Glides over the glad blue water!
 Light as ever the nautilus shell,
 The fairy mariner's coracle,
 That hears the wild Levanter swell
 And floats through the winding Dardanelles,
 Or springs to light from its ocean cell
 And far among Indian Islands dwells
 The South sea's pearl clad daughter.

SONNET.

 II. SAMUEL, Chap. 5.

"Along the Valley of Rephaim spread,
 "The gleaming tents of the Philistine lie;
 "Shall I go up and smite them?" Trustfully
 The shepherd-boy, the Prince of Judah, said;
 And God made answer, "Fetch a compass round
 "And let it be when thou shalt hear a sound,
 "Breathing amid the mulberry groves' repose
 "As of departing."——Israel arose
 And smote their ancient lords from Geba's towers
 Even till thou come to Gazer.—Oh! blest hours
 Of faith and simple trust! a glimpse restoring
 Of those lost times of Paradise, when adoring
 In Eden's shades, man lifted orisons high,
 And his ear *heard* his Maker's voice reply.

THE LIBERATION.

A SKETCH.

“Gone, gone, they are all gone.”

They threw back on its hinge the grated door,
 They woke the inmate of the vaulted room,
 They spoke of bondage to endure no more,
 Of clemency most royal, shortening doom,—
 And through the long and winding galleries' gloom
 They led the prisoner to the water-gate,
 And bade the boatmen to the open shore
 Safely convey that noble lady straight,
 For that in prison she no longer must await.

The boat shot under the low arching way ;
 The slow oar plashed amid the darkling stream,
 And as, emerging to the misty day,
 Around them tall grey walls were seen to gleam
 And docks and many-masted vessels teem,
 And far above their heads the blue sky break,
 She closed her eyes as one who from a dream
 A sweet yet troubling dream doth fear to wake ;
 For long it was since sights of cheerful day,
 Had broke upon the eyes of Frances Grey.

But now the skiff hath near'd the landing place,
 And on the open shore her foot doth stand,
 Free,—fetterless,—at large,—by royal grace
 At liberty to rove on either hand
 Throughout the length and broadness of the land ;
 Yet doth she pause a doubtful moment's space
 And clasp her hands upon her troubled brow,
 Bethinking her to what home of her race
 Her unaccustom'd steps shall lead her now,
 Who hath so long been lodged the dark tower knoweth
 how.

“When last I cross'd this city's pageantries
 “My daughter's forehead England's crown did wear ;
 “Shall I to court—to meet her duteous eyes ?
 “Alas ! her presence is no longer there ;
 “Her crown is changèd for a sepulchre ;
 “Her sweet fair brow is no where on this earth ;
 “And I may seek this weary England o'er,
 “Yet never shall I hear in grief or mirth,
 “The tones that once did ring around our wasted hearth.

Oh ! Brandon's daughter ! Dorset's princely wife,
 Child of most royal blood and lineage old,
 Chang'd are thy fortunes !—Time and death and strife
 Have scath'd thine house with deep blows manifold ;
 All who were dearest thine the grave doth hold,
 Victims of *thine* ambition, sorely paid !
 Firm-thron'd thy kinswoman upholdeth bold
 The sword puissant that her fathers sway'd ;
 And all proud hopes of thine away in dust are laid.

Slowly she turn'd her, little caring where,
To live o'erlook'd amid a dreamfull world,—
Where men for greatness past do little care,
Where bravest is the banner last unfurled,
And glories little worth that down to earth are hurl'd.
Lady of Bradgate ! *where* is *thy* domain ?
Thy walls have crumbled like thy daughter's throne ;
And of its haughtiness there doth remain
A few wrecks hallow'd by *her* name alone,
A terrace old,——a champaign wood o'ergrown,
But of thy towering pride scarce one remembering stone.

Postscript.

Glades of the Charnwood ! through whose alleys green
 The train of noble hunters downward swept,
 When feasting proud in Bradgate's halls was seen,
 Of high Northumberland in honour kept ;—
 Now through the vistas of long saddening years,
 As back we turn our eye, to-morrow-lightenèd,
 How sorrowfully sweet the grace appears,
 The undimm'd glory o'er your aspect shed,—

Not by fallen splendour's trace, but memory of the dead !
 The dead and gone !—for earth too beautiful,—
 Therefore alas ! the early called away !
 In those strange years of blood-dark glory full
 How gleams the sweet face of the Lady Grey !
 The child *too* good—the sovereign of a day !
 The mind thought-fed—all laid in dust away ;
 The young hearts sever'd by the headsman's blow,
 The flowers in their spring-time buried low.

The dead and gone !—they sleep and are at rest ;—
 Grey, rock-strewn Charnwood, thou hadst other flowers,
 THEY shone upon stern ages wrath-opprest,
 As sweet a brow hath lit the calm of ours,—
 By such rare influences nourishèd
 As from the old leaves Sibylline are shed,
 Threading thy dingles where the blue-bells wake
 The sombre greenness of the fern-clad brake,
 And bidding us to love thy greenshawe for her sake.

Oh ! England's best have ever passed away,
Like stars just shewn, then hid in dark night's frown ;
The gentlest Tudor bore the briefest sway ;
The black Plantagenet never wore a crown ;
The loftiest Stuart laid his young life down,
Before the sceptre graced his fitlier hand
Than his who died to save it ; and just known
And seen and lov'd, thy brow august and bland
Bride of Saxe-Cobourg, vanish'd from thy land ;
And O ! our beautiful ! ye too have fled,
Following the pathway of the princely dead,
Like them too unlike earth its dark ways long to tread.

SONNET.

The Patriarch, journeying, spread his evening tent
 In Sychar, and beneath its palm-tree shade,
 Where the tired camel in the twilight stray'd,
 And on their stems the weary Syrian leant,
 A well he dug,—and of the gray rock made,
 Its stair and arch enduring.—Jacob died
 In Egypt—and he, dying, prophecied
 Of Shiloh. Silent ages passed away,
 Earth's mightiest empires sank into decay :
 And when the Roman dwelt in Solyma,
 A lone wayfarer sate by Jacob's well,
 With face addrest unto Samaria :
 O ! was it *Thou*—who asked'st water there—
 The Prince foreshewn—the Lord—the Hope of Israel !

THE QUEEN'S CROSS.

"The secrets of the folded heart."

The light lies on the ruin'd cross,
The clear light of a summer's day,—
The yellow lichen and the moss
Are gilded by the amber ray ;
Bedecking gay the ancient stone
That tells of times and feelings gone.

Not gone from earth—for they have place
This hour in many a simple breast,
Where early fondness holds its trace,
Unworn out by this world's unrest,—
But for the hands this cross that reared,
Themselves have long since disappeared.

This holy sign a bard doth say
Will the heart's homage win perforce ;
And gifted lips in cloister gray
Have sung the spinning maiden's cross ;
So much I love to write the more,
Of thine, most gentle Elinor !

The English powers were in array,
The borders of the kingdom won,
When settling o'er the conqueror's way
The shadow of dark death came on,
It did not thin his bannered host,—
It took the one he lov'd the most.

A moment's space he turn'd aside
 From his fixed spirit's steady aim ;
 And slowly followed her who died,
 Till to grey Westminster they came ;
 And wheresoe'er they set her down
 He fondly rear'd a cross of stone.

They rested nigh Northampton's bowers
 They rested nigh old Waltham's shade,
 And when they drew to London's towers
 One more sad halting place they made :—
 Who knows not where king Charles's horse
 Hath look'd so long o'er Charing Cross.?

They laid her in the minster shade
 Who should attend his march no more ;
 And when the burial rites were paid,
 The hour of saddening honours o'er,
 King Edward from the shrine set forth
 And joined his army in the north.

Chronicled in a stirring page,
 Ruler of spirits stern and rude,—
 Blest by a father's shielded age, !
 Branded by death of Wallace good !
 But little time could grief and he
 In outward show keep company.

Yet went no lone thoughts wandering back
 Away from shrine and monument,
 To early memory's distant track,
 When in that shadowing eastern tent,
 The gentle girl of haughty Spain
 Could make the Assassin's dagger vain.

No dream of that Sicilian shore
 Crossing the blue sea citron-isled,
 Where he had stood with Elinor
 To watch beside their dying child ;
 Or from Caernarvon's towered heights
 Shown their young lord to Cambria's knights.

The peasant passes by the way
 And looks up to yon graven crest ;
 The pedlar-woman worn and grey
 Sits down upon its step to rest ;
 But never thinks 'twas rear'd up for
 The love of good Queen Elinor.

For earthly loves do all pass by
 And little trace of sorrow leave ;
 The country lad goes whistling nigh
 Where heavy hearts once stopped to grieve.
 And who, but for the bedesman's lore,
 Now knows the name of Elinor ?

Yet it is written,—sure and deep,—
 In *one* Book undiscern'd of men ;
 And guarded well its leaves shall keep,
 Their trust, until the hour, when
 The wakening trumpet's solemn breath
 Shall steal upon the ear of death.

SONNET.

Firm friend and priz'd,—I dare not link thy name
With wilding posies all so rude as mine;
Nor in the open face of daylight claim
Countenance of thy Sire's, and love of thine.
I fear lest as the cresset's twinkling shine
Pales at the presence of the golden day,
So my lone offering at the Muses' shrine,
If companied with masters of the lay,
Would darkling follow the illumin'd way
Of names high written in the starry scroll;
And though albeit a grateful protégé
Of those whose hand hath pointed me the goal,—
Yet shall my wreath of thanks unoffered be,
Till Fate have stamped it worthy him and thee.

THE AUTO OF VALLADOLID.

“ Conquer’d return the friars, conquer’d return :
Scatter’d return the wolves, scatter’d return.”

In the convent of San Isidro
That stands near Seville’s walls,
And where the Xenil washes clear
Ecija’s priestly halls,—
The pure light of the gospel
Hath undisguisèd shone,
And many a change, sudden and strange,
Their rules have undergone.
Their lonely lamps are gleaming
Through all the land of Spain ;
Can it be that the Roman see
Will *let* it thus remain ?

Now woe ! for our Country,
The mitred prelates said,
Since our kings into those blinded realms
So many scholars led.
They have drunk of the Lutheran taint
In the German cities rude,
And the evil spreads and poison sheds,
Through the ignorant multitude.
And when our prince into England went
Much learning follow’d him ;
But they have drunk of the Lutheran taint
And the true faith waxèd dim.

Philip is lord of potent Spain,
 Alas ! for Arragon !
 And he is building up again
 The Inquisition's throne.
 It shades the vallies of Leon,
 Where many a hamlet knew,
 Silently, silently, upgrown,
 The plants of healing true.
 They have darkened thee, San Isidro,
 And scatter'd thy children far,
 And the holy words that once were heard
 No more recited are.

O ! cold and stern adversity !
 A rugged nurse art thou !
 And *bitter* herbs are they that wreathe
 Thine overshadowing brow !
 There may be health in thy rude touch,
 The blasting of thy breath,
 But oh, how many a pleasant flower
 Must wither unto death !
 Faith gathereth strength at thine onlook,
 And holy hope burns bright ;
 But all that lights this yet fair earth
 Must darken into night.

The Emperor in St. Juste hath heard
 That his favourite Constantine,
 The Holy Office have even dared
 To question and confine.
 " You cannot condemn a greater ; "
 With a sigh he said,
 As back to the days of power laid by
 His thoughts a moment fled.

If ever the son of the Austrian
 Wished back his thrones again,
 As that sigh through his Spanish coldness broke,
 It must surely have been then.

And yet they say he rued the day
 That his sceptre faith had kept,
 Long since with the Heresiarch,
 Who now in a calm grave slept.
 Howe'er it were, howe'er it fell
 This one thing Spain doth know,—
 The prince who had left her to priestly wrath
 Never turn'd to ward the blow.
 Though many a house of honour full
 Was darkened with hopeless woe,
 Weeping and mourning its beautiful
 In the dungeons hidden low.

Oh ! the high chivalrous spirit
 Of Granada's prouder day,
 In the breasts of her nobles
 Had surely died away.
 And the lance of the Castilian,
 The Andalusian sword,
 The winner of the Alhambra's towers
 Had false played its lord ;
 Ere their wives and their daughters
 Thus tamely were given,
 To the grasp of an influence
 The darkest under heaven.

Twas not enough to hold them
 In a cold and living tomb,
 They must shew forth to the world's wide eye,
 The terrors of their doom.

And fearful was the act of faith
 That Spain was called to see,
 In the great square of Valladolid
 On the feast of the Trinity.
 And forth they poured a bitter cup
 For darkened hearts that day,
 While a southern sun was lighting up
 The blossom'd bowers of May.

Prince Carlos sat in silence
 Watching the pageant grim,
 But started that indignant boy
 When they proffer'd their oath to *him* !
 For he saw the nobles of his land,
 Arraign'd at a friar's nod ;
 And the free arm doom'd to a fetter's clasp
 That had guarded his country's sod.
 And he swore in his heart a deeper oath,
 That if his were Iberia's crown,
 By every pledge of princely troth
 He would dash the tyranny down.

Long was the train and sorrowfull
 Of the victims one by one,
 Each by familiars guarded,
 In silence and alone.
 There the mother from her children torn
 To durance was consign'd,
 And the unmark'd sigh of the bursting heart
 Was caught by the passing wind.
 And the brother was to the sister shewn,
 By a brief and distant look ;
 As each by his guilt or his strength's degree
 His order'd station took.

They had gathered them from the orange bowers,
 And the gray Sierras steep ;
 The peasant girl from among the flowers,
 The mariner from the deep.
 The grave monk from his thoughtful cell,
 Whose heart when fresh and young,
 Had drank of the pure truth's fountain-well,
 In the ancient unstain'd tongue.
 The proud knight of Jerusalem,
 From his lodge and brethren tried,
 And the faithful English Servitor,
 From his Spanish master's side ;
 Well might the young prince gaze
 On the marshalled long array,
 As he watched towards the fearful stage
 Their slow line file away.
 For prisoners saw he priest and peer,
 Of Castile once so free ;
 And Malta thy grand-master there,
 The scourge of the Osmanlie.
 There veiled dame and chevalier
 Of the house of Roxas came,
 Oh who hath pored on Schiller's page
 And loves not Poza's name ?

There stood a spanish lady
 The penitents among,
 Looking on with an anxious eye
 At the slowly settling throng.
 She had given her heart's hope up,
 And cast her faith aside,
 For she was young and life was sweet
 In the early bright springtide.

And her lord they said had bent his head,
 And confessed his wanderings ill ;
 And now she watch'd to meet his eye,
 But her heart misgave her still.

“ Oh ! where is Herezuelo ?

“ He cometh not alas !

“ I have watched the long line come and go,

“ But never seen him pass. ”

‘ Lady, the train is very long ;

‘ And it moveth very slow ;

‘ But the last adjudg’d are coming on,

‘ In the pale san-benito.

‘ I see a figure garmented

‘ In the robe of rising flame ; ’

In agony she rais’d her head

As Herezuelo came.

Firm-treading as he pass’d her,

To go into his place,

He never spoke a word

But he look’d into her face.

I have read many grievous things ;

I have seen heavy woe ;

I know but of *one* other look

Could wring the bosom so.

She never saw his face again !

Those eyes she never met ;

They were dust and scattered ashes

Before the sun had set.

I stood near Herezuelo,

A popish writer said,

When fastened to the stake his form

The fires of vengeance fed.

Narrowly I looked at him,
 With close and curious heed,
 But never sign of fear or pain,
 On his firm brow could read.
 Only there was a look of grief
 In his resolvèd mien,
 A sadness beyond anything
 That I had ever seen.

They are dust and scattered ashes
 His lofty lip and brow,—
 A mould dissolv'd—a broken dream—
 They are void and nothing now.
 As the red flash to the pirate bark
 Stealing under the guns at night,—
 As the golden sun to the murderer,
 When death is in the light,—
 As the cross of our country
 To the cow'd manstealer's ken,—
 Brethren of St. Dominic !
 Ye shall see them yet again.

And whither turn'd the fond faint heart
 That shadow'd his end so ?—
 Ask of the secret prisons !
 If thou art fain to know.
 She broke off her penances ;
 Her penitence unsaid ;
 Oh strength is in a breaking heart,
 And powerful are the dead !
 More powerful that one dead face
 Than living fear or shame !
 Long years those vaults held Leonor,
 Then gave her to the flame.

Little it is we think now,
 At rest within the fold,
 Of the dark and fearful watchings
 Endured by those of old.
 We look upon the rusted gyve
 And shudder at its tale,
 As if there were no deeper pang
 To make the spirit quail.
 Ye may talk of the torture,
 The dagger and the bowl;
 But the crushings of the heart's life,
 It is these which scare the soul.

Oh surely He who giveth thus,
 His children up to woe,
 Must sweeter comfort have for them
 Than days like ours shew.
 Surely the pure profession made
 By hearts thus wildly torn,
 Was surer than the christian name
 Now lightly won and worn.
 Oh ! let us look in our soul's depths,
 Fearfully look to know
 Whether if God should call on us,
 We could confess Him so !—

C A N Z O N E T.

From service of Poesy
 Thus far set free,
 My crayon turns gratefully
 Ellen to thee !

Shall I not, helper mine
 Often and long,
Thy name with these entwine
 In wreathèd song ?

Sketcher of Babylon's
 Desolate pale ;
 Searcher for Leonor's
 Forgotten tale ;

Feeble and few
 Would my pencillings be,
 But for the aid
 They have gather'd from thee !—

ST. HUGH'S GRAVE.

" The merry boys o Lincoln
 " Were playing at the ba',
 " And wi' them came the sweet Sir Hugh
 " The flower among them a'."

Up and down the Minster aisle we wander'd to and fro,
 It was the time of matin song, and we heard them chanting
 low ;
 Chanting loud and chanting low as we paced the long aisle
 through,
 And every time we turn'd we pass'd the grave of little St.
 Hugh.

Rememberest thou, rememberest thou, the stillness of that day,
 After the thousand rushing feet of the yestermorn's array ?
 The choral voices stealing the pillars old between,
 Where the clanging trumpets yesterday proclaim'd Victoria
 Queen ?

What most I love to think of in calling back that scene,
 Is the face we met that morning upon the Minster-green ;
 Oh ! if there be an angel thing in this fallèn earth's dim
 shade,
 Tis the silvery brow of holy age, in the grace of old arrayed.

The summer rain was falling around the giant pile,
 When we pass'd the grave of little St. Hugh in the quiet
 southern aisle,
 And calmly trod the spot beside where such wild memories
 slept,
 Where once a passionate mother's grief its lonely watch had
 kept.

With its broad blue slab,—worn smooth but yet entire,—
 I wondered what it was in the wall of the quire ;
 More like an ancient bench where an hour might be beguil'd,
 An old monk sit and dream, than the tomb of a child.

The house of the Jew's daughter still stands beneath the
 steep,
 I know not if the well be there, where he was laid to sleep ;
 But lighted by the legend old you still the place may know,
 The chimney o'er the archèd door, the windows deep and low.

It was a creature beautiful who told that tale to me ;
 They said she was an Orphan girl, of the Rosline ancestry ;
 And gentle was her gift to me, a knot of violets rare,
 And the ballad sweet that chronicles the Lady Helen's care.

I am far away from the grey cliff now, and may walk the
 aisles no more,
 I never may look at the Altar now through the iron-latticèd
 door ;
 But whenever the world around is still and my thoughts
 may wandering go,
 I hear the sound of the Minster bell, and the chorister-
 chanting low !

Time passes on, and years are gone, so swift and silently,
 It may be long ere the matin song shall richly thrill for me ;
 But whenever the world around is still and fancies flit awhile,
 I shall see the grave of little St. Hugh in the quiet southern
 aisle.

THE CHRONICLE OF CASTEL FRAMLINGHAM.

I told thee I had bid farewell
 To reverie and dream,
 That hope and heart had passed away
 With my life's summer beam.

I said that but thy listening
 My guerdon now should be,
 And all the meed that I would ask,
 Were but a look from thee.

And faithless. lo ! I fling once more
 My wild words on the gale,
 And bid the ring of hearth and hall
 Come listen to my tale.

Yet, oh ! beloved, think not thou
 Thy smile is less to me !
 This weary world an Eden were,
 Were all its guests like thee.

“ But thou art fled
 “ Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn
 “ Robes in its golden beams—ah ! thou hast fled !
 “ The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,
 “ The child of grace and genius. Heartless things
 “ Are said and done i' the world, and many worms
 “ And beasts and men live on, and mighty Earth
 “ From sea and mountain, city and wilderness
 “ In vesper low or joyous orison
 “ Lifts still its solemn voice—but thou art fled.”

“ He thought how he had been the one of all,
 “ The knight in contest never yet unhorsed,
 “ The stateliest gallant, in the proudest hall
 “ His sword and name by no dishonour cross'd.”

We saw the Deben's silver wave roll gleaming through the
 vale,
 We pass'd where Wickham's tapering spire looks far o'er hill
 and dale,
 And pale across the dusky lea gleamed sheep and snow-white
 lamb,
 When rose against the distant sky the Towers of Framlingham.
 Dark shadowing in the dim twilight their massive outline rose,
 But oh ! no banner's crimson fold stirr'd the gray wall's repose,
 No breath of distant warder's note, no far-off bugle horn
 Faint floating to the horseman's ear, along the wolds was
 borne,
 But slow decay kept watch and ward about the Castle gate,
 And ruin held the lofty place of long departed state,
 And grass-grown were the entrances where knightly hoofs
 had rung
 And the low roof of poverty within its site had sprung.

Oh ! Framlingham ! grey Framlingham ! thy lords have pass'd
 away,
 On them and over thee hath fallen the mantle of decay !
 Thy ruin'd walls still crown the brow where ages they have
 tower'd,
 But in thy holy chancel aisles lies many a noble Howard.
 There sleeps the Lady Margaret, and there Fitz Alan's child,
 And gleams the vacant niche where once an infant image
 smil'd,
 And where round Norfolk's sculptur'd tomb the granite co-
 lumns rise
 In marble slumber by her Lord proud Stafford's daughter lies,
 Branch of a house whose graceful stem deserv'd a better fate
 Than met the noble Buckingham from Wolsey's deadly hate,

And high the Howard's lion crest looks down in ebon gloom*
Above the flower of Chivalry the gallant Surrey's tomb.—

Within thy walls, in other days, held Saxon princes reign,
And round thee reav'd the pirate hords, led by the robber
Dane ;

But when the Norman's iron hand, ruled over hill and heath,
Then grandeur reared thy stately roofs, and splendour dwelt
beneath ;

And green the park around thee spread, where glanced the
graceful deer,

And slowly glided the white swan, along the glassy mere ;
And through the shady avenues, the merry archer sprang,
And to the joyous huntsman's horn, the woodland echoes rang,
And tapestry hung its storied folds, around the banquet
room,

And lamps within the chapel shrine, lit up the midnight's
gloom ;

And floated many a pennon fair, those battlements across,
Where only waves the wild-briar now, and spreads the yel-
low moss.

When sorrow upon England fell, and hopeless tears were
wept,

When over many a noble head, the restless waters swept ;
When sank the hope of England, beneath the wild waves'
foam,

And an aged king dwelt sorrowful, in a deserted home ;
While o'er their heads the sea-gull shrieked, and the wild
petrel swam,

There slumber'd low, beside his prince, the Lord of Fram-
lingham.

* Lest this line seem a plagiarism the reader is reminded that Surrey's tomb
is of black marble."

When rose the sun upon a day, whose fame shall long endure,
 That saw the bold Plantagenet, in the field of Agincourt,
 A single horseman fearlessly, before the army rode,
 And the hosts of England shouted, at the signal that he
 shewed,—

The brave Sir Thomas Erpingham, was earliest in the fray,
 The Lord of ancient Framlingham, began the fight that day.

When the wild wars of the roses, were ringing through the
 land,

And the flowers of England faded, beneath the mower's hand,
 When ruled the House of York, over moor and upland side,
 In his Castle halls of Framlingham, the Duke of Norfolk
 died.

Earl Marshall of England, Lord of Segrave and of Gower,
Well knew the lost Lancastrian, his titles and his power.

They bore him to his resting-place, in Thetford's silent aisles,
 And his young and only child they led, to Westminster's
 proud piles,

And her hand and her towers, to King Edward's son they
 gave,

But the given and the gifted, met both an early grave,
 In the secrets of the tower, that noble boy was laid,
 And his infant bride lies sleeping, in the tranquil abbey
 shade.

Oh ! a voice came o'er the border, of wailing and dismay,
 From Stirling and from Yarrow side, lamenting for the day ;
 Oh ! many a song of sorrow, made Ettrick Forest ring,
 For the fatal field of Flodden, when Scotland lost her king ;
 When Lenox and Montrose were slain, when Huntly fled
 o'erpower'd,

Before the Lord of Framlingham, the banner of the
 Howard.—

He lived, as soldiers seldom live, to grey and honour'd age,
 And bravely kept a noble house, and knightly equipage,
 And full of honour and of years, he calmly pass'd away,
 While bloom'd along his fair domains, the pleasant month of
 May ;

And none could breathe of injury, or rightful claim unpaid,
 By him whose grey head peacefully, in Thetford's walls was
 laid.

He had served a reckless master, whose fiery heart and head
 Had little room for gratitude, to the living or the dead ;
 But a few swift years had floated, o'er the aged warrior's
 tomb,

When again the House of Howard bent, beneath the stroke
 of doom.

Where, like another Venice, gleaming along the wave,
 Stands haughtily the tower, a palace and a grave ;
 Saw ye that galley flitting, towards the vaulted stair ?—
 Knew ye the muffled figures, silently hurried there ?—
 Oh ! where art thou Earl Surrey, in thy country's hour of
 need ?

Oh ! where wert thou Lord Norfolk, when thy son was led
 to bleed ?

Oh ! wo ! wo ! for the hour, oh ! wo ! wo ! for the day !
 When the stateliest of the herd became, the angry lion's
 prey !

A star of Song, a light of Fame, a child of Minstrelsy,
 In royal Windsor's woodland bowers, they mark'd his boy-
 hood high,

There by the side of young Fitzroy, he trod the oaken glade,
 And they are laid together now, in the same chancel shade !

In many a sunny Southern Land, his lyre and sword were
 known,
 And bright in Honour's listed fields, his crest of knighthood
 shone ;
Now in the aisles of Framlingham, no longer watch'd nor
 wept,
 Though passionate love and grief were his, for ages hath he
 slept ;
 The noble heart that beat so high, there mouldereth in de-
 cay.
 And all that woke its pulses warm, hath past to dust away ;
 The tale of List and Tournament, the legend and worn stone,
 Are all that rest to tell us now, of faded things and gone.

Oh ! parted Time !—thy shadowy veil, hath shrouded from
 our view
 The splendours of forgotten years, the scenes our fathers
 knew.
 Peace resteth on our changèd land, and holy Faith is there,
 And Freedom breathes in every breeze, that stirs her island
 air ;
 And safety dwells beside our hearths, and round our calm
 church towers,—
 A blessing on the sainted heads, that died to leave them
 ours !
 But, oh ! the pleasant festal rites, the feasts and customs old,
 The rich and joyous pageantry, the loyalty unsold,
 The grace of ancient courtesy, the worth and honour gray,
 The reverent love of reverent things,—that all have passed
 away,
 Oh ! broken is the yew tree bow, the wandering harper fled,
 And the lost things of parted years, are with the parted
 dead !

And long, long pleasant summers, in silence floated on,
 With flowers that all are faded now, with green wreaths
 that are gone,

While every breath that sigh'd, over hamlet and lone grange,
 Some tidings brought of wonder, of trouble, or of change :—
 The wail above the early dead, nor youth nor rank could save,
 The sorrow round the peasant's hearth, and by the martyr's
 grave.

But when that royal Lady, our island sceptre held,
 For whom the winds of Heaven fought, and the dark waters
 swell'd ;

When England all saw golden days, and spread the festal
 board,

Again decay'd fortress, the tower held thy Lord ;
 And dark the stain of noble blood, flush'd on the keen axe
 blade,

And Scotland unto dool and death, her rightful liege betray'd.

Oh ! many a summer sun since *then*, hath lit that proud church
 nave,

And shone across the statues cold, that gleam on Surrey's grave,
 The lifeless things that vainly there, would shadow to the eye,
 The image of the beautiful, the gone for ever by !

And in our halls the sword of war, hath long forgot to gleam,
 And knighthood, with its stainless crest, hath vanish'd like a
 dream ;

And sounds of peace float tranquilly, our island vales along,
 The music of the harvest-home, the early mower's song ;
 And by the side of ducal tombs, and chieftains' mail array'd,
 Have risen lowlier monuments, where *other* men are laid ;
 There wreath'd but with love's simple wreaths, which never
 blood defil'd,

The pastor slumbereth with his flock, the mother with her child.

O! Framlingham! grey Framlingham! proud record of the
past,

Written by many a horse's hoof, by many a bugle blast;
By many a wandering summer wind, fretting the ancient stone,
Sighing through niche and window slit, all lichen overgrown,—
Chased by the silent summer shower, freshening the briar
and moss,

And trickling down the channell'd way, worn thy broad stones
across,—

Relic of what hath long since been, of what is with the dead,
Ages lit up by splendours wild, whose meteor gleam hath fled!
The quiet rest of peaceful age, now hangs thy worn brow o'er,
And grey-haired men sit cheerfully, each at his cottage door,
And children chanting holy psalms, now seek the house of God.
Where once the chieftain's plume flash'd by, the mailèd war-
rior trod.

The bloody flag of Popery was rear'd upon thy walls;
The Protestant's lone chronicler, was shelter'd in thy halls;
Royal and noble have they been, thy dwellers in the past;
The poor man and the homeless now, tenant thy gates at last.
The bridge which hath seen leaders pass, to conquer or to die,
Is trodden by the quiet foot, of way-worn poverty.

So fadeth the memorial, of that which hath been high!

So worketh round the viewless wheel, of human destiny!

O! beautiful in ruin!—most lovely in decline!

Be ours an age as ruffle-less, as full of calm as thine!

And thou who *should'st* have clos'd for me, my long-unfinish'd
song,

Heaven watch above thy happy home, and grant it stand as long,
Sweet quiet with its shadowing wings, guard over its roof
keeping,

As have the solemn aisles, where thine ancestors are sleeping.

UNTO MY LIEGE LADY.

“Take a Poet’s benison
Gentle Kate!”

And wilt thou listen, Mistress mine, a message from thy
Page,
And shall I whisper in thine ear the thoughts that me
engage?
Alas! that ear is heedless now; and scroll my words must say,
For the light of thy commanding brow is shining far away.

Yet listen sovran lady, I seek this only grace,
That on these lonely lines thine eye would look a moment’s
space
I ask not thou would’st audience give to rhymèd tale or song,
For well I know my Mistress bright, thy patience is not long.

The studious loves up-nourishèd by swaying words of thine,
The form and shape to which thy thoughts have erstwhile
moulded mine,
By readings in the greenwood shade and teachings in the glen,
Their trace upon my dreamy page I point not to thy ken.

Yet if scholar ere should smile and say “Though brow’d
with gaucherie,
“Yet into pleasant places treads this child of fantasy”;
I would it were in honour known, I had a leader rare,
In whose lightest words dwelt learning sweet, like fragrance
in the air.

And mind'st thou now thine holdings forth, and our long
 listening
 High seated on the turfy knoll, above the wandering spring?
 Our porch the light laburnum roofed, sweet briars did it
 enclose,
 And like to quaint-devicéd shaft, the column'd larches rose.

And mindest thou our arguing free, on sheeny days like these,
 While pacing to and fro beneath thy lovèd line of trees?
 Peripatetics then were we, and think they what they will,
 My Mistress in philosophy, I love thy lessons still.

They DARED to say I flatter'd thee ;—that such a *thought*
 should be !
 I ween the lips such words that breathed, but little knew
 of me !
 And had my fever'd fingers then, but held the knightly brand
 My quarrel had been settled swift !—by trial of glaiv'd hand.

And had not we two chidden then, each other's hearts who
 shared,
 The Mistress taunted keen her Page, the Page the Mistress
 dared ?
 Sure am I we had strivings had, enough and more to prove
 " The fallyng out of faythfulle frends renewing is of love."

Too well I know the difference in bitterness we learn,
 'Twixt the angel and the mocking shade, the Howard and
 the Sterne;
 The talker of feeling who dreameth in his chair,
 And the silent looks which charm away the burdens which
 they share.

But not the less I fealty pay to wit above control ;
 The might of swaying intellect ! the stirrer of the soul !
 Alas ! that ever gifts like these should blossoms be that fall,
 And the golden dreams of theory give, to life no light at all.

Better I ween the harmlessness that passeth on its path,
 In the quiet light of the inner sight where deep thought
 thronedom hath ;
 And looking to its own still steps, lets earth spin as it may,
 Than the dazzling speed that the world would lead, if it did
 not lose its way.

But wherefore write I now these lines ? in sooth I do not
 know ;
 Unless it be sweet Soverayne, my loyalty to shew ;
 Thou may'st forget and welcome, thy Page of other days ;
 But thou shalt ne'er forgotten be if live thy Page's lays.—

Finis.

The first fruits of a rude and thirsty soil
Now have I offer'd to thy patient ear,
Knowing thy fondness, mother, O most dear,
Will never lightly hold my plot's poor spoil,
Albeit self-sown, and reap'd with little toil.

Live but these few wild flowers a wreath unsere
Binding thy temples in the weary noon,
A worthier offering shall be thine eftsoon,
And pains-full care and labour more severe
Shall fragrant things of border'd gardens rear,
Craving thy notice for their fairest boon.
Happy if they may odoriferous shine,
As passing pageants the nightfall to cheer,
Amid the twilight of thy day's decline.

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE 1.

*"He comes, as thousands came of old
The seven hill'd-city to behold."*—P. 4.

"In order to convince the Pope of the sincerity of his devotion, he (Ethelwolf) sent his son Alfred, then about five years old, with a numerous retinue to Rome, where he received confirmation from his holiness, at that early age. As this ceremony was then performed by unction, it gave occasion to several writers to compliment the Pope on his prophetic talents; but if the young Prince *were* then anointed a king, why were his brothers allowed to reign before him?"—*Bicknells Life of Alfred the Great.* P. 83.

"This done, Ethelwolf sent his son Alfrid, a child of five years, well accompanied to Rome, whom Leo the Pope both consecrated to be king afterward, and adopted to be his son."

"The Danes the next year wintered again in Sheppy, whom Ethelwolf not finding humane health sufficient to resist growing daily upon him,—in hope of divine aid registered in a book, and dedicated to God the tenth part of his lands and of his whole kingdom. * * * * *

After which, as having done some great matter, to shew himself at Rome, and be applauded of the Pope, he takes a long and cumbersome journey thither with young Alfrid again, and there stays a year, when his place requir'd him rather here in the field, against pagan enemies left wintering in his land."—*History of England, by Mr. John Milton.* Vol. 1, P. 53.

2.

But he sigh'd for his young brother's face.—P. 13.

"His majesty's discontents are not to be overlooked; who wanting the company of his brother, with whom chiefly he uses to recreate himself, leads a melancholy and discontented life."—*Speech of the Duke of Gloucester to the Council.*

"Having thus spoken she (the Queen) turned to the child and said to him, 'Farewell mine own sweet son! the Almighty be thy protector: let me kiss thee once more before we part, for God knows when we shall kiss again;' and then having kiss'd him, she bless'd him, and turn'd from him and wept, and so went her way, leaving the child with the lords weeping also for her departure."—*History of England begun by Milton, continued by Daniel, Habington, Sir T. Moor, &c.—Vol. 1, P. 486, 491.*

3.

To follow on an inward light.—P. 20.

"And though this were enough, yet there is to this another act, if not of pure yet of refined nature, no lesse available to dissuade prolong'd obscurity;—a desire of honour and repute and immortal fame, seated in the brest of every true scholar."—*Letter written by Milton in his 23rd year, to one of his friends.*

"Do you ask me upon what I am thinking? Upon immortality. But what am I doing? I am fledging myself, and meditate a flight."—*Milton to Charles Deodati, Sept. 23, 1637.*

4.

To his own immortality, &c.—P. 20.

"How pleased must he have been to accept immortality from the hand which he had himself fostered—to be assured of visiting

posterity as the benefactor of his illustrious offspring; and of being associated as it were with him in the procession and expanding pomp of his triumph."—*Symmons Life of Milton*, P. 11.

5.

*And far Italian song had breathed
The echoes of his praise.*—P. 22.

"If Milton was honored with lavish panegyrics by Francini and Dati at Florence, he was, celebrated in a strain of equal though more compressed praise by Salsitti and Selvaggi at Rome; by the former in a latin tetrastic, and by the latter in a distich."—*Ibid.* P. 96

6.

*And all of hers that he had prized,
As fleetingly go down.*—P. 22

"Under the usurpation of Cromwell, Milton had seen the structure of Liberty which his ardent imagination had erected, dissolve like a vision into the air, and leave not a vestige to indicate the place where the fanciful edifice had stood."

"It was natural for him not to abandon without extreme reluctance, the hopes which he had so long and so fondly cherished, of the Protector's rectitude of intention."—P. 396-492.

7.

He look'd into Futurity.—P. 23.

"He (Milton) was as little understood by the party for whom, as by that *against* whom, he contended; * * * among men before whom he strode so far as to dwarf himself by the distance;—yet still listening to the music of his own thoughts."
—*Coleridge*.

8.

Arguing not

Against Heaven's hand or will.—P. 24.

"Vide Milton's Sonnet to Cyriac Skinner."

9.

When Monmouth rode a hunter blythe &c—P. 47.

"For an explanation of the allusions in these verses see Mrs. Cobbold's spirited Ballad of the Lily of Nettlestead."

"Through the echoing covert the bugle resounds, &c."

10.

*Where the broad Trent rolls its stream by the pasture-lands
green fence.—P. 48.*

"To fair hostess Merriment

Down beside the pasture Trent."—*Keats*.

11.

Have they taken Silence?—P. 68.

"For authorities concerning this Ballad, see Blackwood Feb. 1832. p. 362. William was heir to Engilbert in the third generation.

12.

The hand upon the dial-plate.—P. 70.

"I have often observed (with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of eternal Providence) that when the fulness and maturity of Time is come that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the Divine

Justice and Predestination, and though we see a man, like that which we call "Jack of the Clock House," striking as it were the hour of the fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced that his hand is moved by some secret, and to us who stand without, invisible, direction.

And the stream of the current is then so violent that the strongest men in the world cannot draw up against it; and none are so weak but they may sail down with it.

These are the Spring-tides of publick affairs; which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes." Cowley's "*Discourse concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.*"

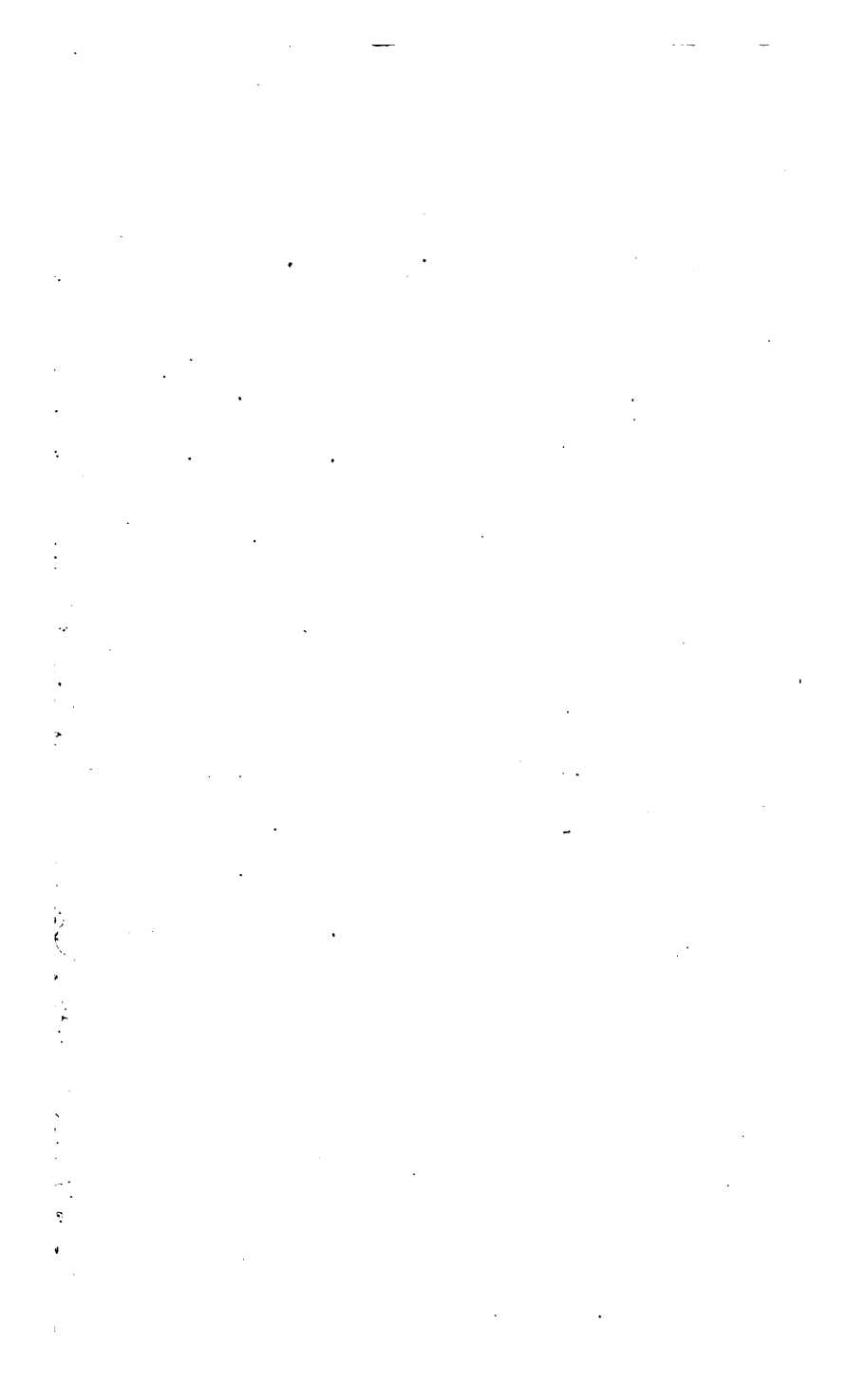
13.

And pains-full care and labour more severe

Shall fragrant things of border'd gardens rear.—P. 110.

"Poetry—is a stern mistress. She demands undivided devotion Away with your fragments she might well say;—be bold and firm. "Look in your hearts and write." If you depend on yourselves, see that you are worth depending on. Count the years of your study and labour but as days. Let your lives be devoted to *culture*. An hour's work,—and it will be no *work*,—at the *end* of such a training, will outweigh whole books full of that which is written *ere* it is finished."—*The Athenæum*, No. 585. P. 25.

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